

THE
EXAMPL E:
OR
HISTORY
OF
LUCY CLEVELAND.

BY A

YOUNG LADY.

Miss Charlotte Smith
VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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THE
EXAMINATION
OF

HISTORY

OF



YOUNG LADY

VOL. II.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
LUCY CLEVELAND.

LETTER (XL.)

MRS. DORMER

TO

MRS. ARLINGTON.

Newman-place, Henley.

SURELY it is unnecessary to tell you, that I am happy to hear Mr. Arlington has complied with your request; and more particularly, at his not shewing a *reluctance* at so doing.

VOL. II.

B

I

I could not help being surprised at that part of your letter, which mentions your receiving a visit from Captain Halifax and his Lady; though it was absurd enough, as it cannot be any thing extraordinary in his being acquainted with Mr. Arlington, when they were both at Bengal at the *same* time.—I can foresee an advantage that will accrue to your Fanny from this gentleman's marriage.—Mr. Dormer will be convinced the supposed attachment to *me*, has not been of that nature to prevent his marrying *another*; consequently, I shall not in future put myself to the least inconvenience to avoid him: but whatever information you can give me respecting his wife, do not omit it.

I have prepared Mrs. Newman, for my departure from hence; who would I not quit for the sake of *your* company?—but when I talk of leaving her, she
puts

puts up her lip and frowns, and says,
 “ *cross* creature ! you know Delia is no
 company ; and if you was not a *selfish*
 wretch, you would not think of going
 to Essex, until Newman is here to *com-*
fort me : I am almost destitute of it, I
 assure you ; and if you forsake me, I
 shall not only *wear* the willow, but *tie*
 myself *up* to that at the end of the gar-
 den.” She then runs to her harpsichord,
 and accompanies that pretty song, so
 applicable to her situation.

“ The heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love from me, &c.”

For he is daily expected, as a letter she
 received yesterday, informed her, a ship
 with which he sailed in company from
 St. Helena, was arrived in the Downs,
 and that, in which he is a passenger, may
 be expected every hour.—As I have no
 doubt but your sister will accompany

you into Essex, I believe I shall, as I think it due to my lively friend, remain with her until her husband arrives. —She is a worthy, agreeable creature ; but she is not *my Lucy* : consequently, when I am an hour from you that I can avoid, it is a sacrifice of my inclinations to gratitude, or propriety.

Sir William Selby is a very constant visitor ; he has made proposals respecting Delia, to my father, and I find the latter has accepted them ; so that I suppose, I shall shortly inform you of their *union*. —I do not think it advisable, for *me* to inform Colonel Morley, of the scenes I have been witness to, between her and Sedgwick : does it not occur to you as an impropriety for me to interfere ? may he not one day hear of my former attachment to Sedgwick ? perhaps, from Delia herself, who may be proud to boast of having rivalled her
sister,

sister, and may construe my assertions to proceed from jealousy, or at best, suppose me prejudiced against the parties; —notwithstanding the objections I have recited, should you approve of my mentioning what I have observed,—I will do it. Nothing, that *my Lucy* advises, shall be unattended to.

Write as soon as you arrive at your country residence,

To your

unalterable

and affectionate

FANNY DORMER.

LETTER XLI.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

I AM sure it will give you pleasure to hear my request was granted, and that my sister accompanied us to this place.—The house is large and convenient ; and the garden, which surrounds it, laid out in a pretty taste ; but the situation is quite a flat : in short, we are in the vale surrounded with hills.

I observed the other evening from my dressing-room window, a white house, which stands on an eminence, and appeared to command a very extensive prospect :

prospect : I asked Mr. Arlington, who it belonged to?—

“ That is a piece of information,” said he, “ I cannot give you ; I myself never enquired ; for as I have spent all my time since my arrival in England (except two months) in London, I never attempted to make any acquaintance here.—I bought this house, merely, because a man of my fortune would have been thought very miserly, or very absurd, to have but *one* ; and I, as well as the rest of mankind, cannot help paying some little difference to the *world's* opinion : in short, I purchased a country seat, to please *other* people, and called it Arlington-grove, from the *same* motive, and likewise to avoid the world's ‘ dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.’—But now *you* express a fondness for the country, it will be the chief pleasure of my

life to improve this place, unless you can fix on some other spot, more agreeable to your taste."

You are very kind, said I;—I think this situation very pleasant: but what say you to a walk to that white house? I quite long to see it.

"I have no objection," said he, smiling, "so you do not *long* to see the *man* who owns it, to accompanying you."

No—no, I replied, assuming an air of chearfulness, I leave those longings for my sister.

"Dearest, best of women!" said he, "how happy am I to see that countenance wear a smile!"

Why, you know, I replied, it was your prophecy, that the country would
"work

“work wonders.”—We then set out for our *promenade*, and walked about a mile in one of the most pleasant Evenings, the summer has produced; the limes and elms, that are on each side the avenue leading to our house, uniting their branches over our heads, formed a verdant canopy, and cast a most pleasing shade: on either side, the boughs rounded into a set of regular arches, opened a view into the distant fields, and presented us with a prospect of the *bending* sky; while a French-horn, I suppose from some neighbouring seat, sent its melodious accents, softened by the length of their passage.—We soon arrived at the house, the outside of which, speaks the elegant taste of the owner; as we were then on the summit of the hill, I was lost in extasy, and could not help exclaiming

“ O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !
 On which the power of cultivation lies !
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
 Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires !”

I then said, taking hold of Mr. Arlington's arm, come, let us range along the summit of this gently rising hill, and catch the *last smiles* of day, before the whole face of the ground is overspread with shades ; or with what one of the finest painters of nature, calls a *dun obscurity*.—My sister complaining she was tired, I sat myself down by her, but Mr. Arlington immediately lifted us both up, and reproved her, jestingly, for shewing so bad an example to her *younger* sister ; telling her, that the “ grass being wet, was but a secondary consideration with *her* ; as she had the hope, by seating herself there, to *attract* some person's notice, and induce them to
 I offer

offer her a more *commodious* seat to rest her wearied limbs, after the insupportable fatigue of walking a whole *mile*."

"Well," said my sister, "then I hope my scheme has succeeded, for here is a messenger coming towards us."

At that instant a footman came up to us, with his master's compliments, and requested the favour of our companies, "to take a better view of the prospect from a room, which was purposely erected on the top of the house."

As we were walking up the avenue, a young gentleman met us.—"You have given me great pleasure," said he, "at your apparent approbation of this situation, but you must accept of some refreshment, and then oblige me with your companies in my little observatory, from whence you will receive a

more adequate idea of the beauty and extent of the prospect."

We readily accepted the invitation, and Mr. Arlington, and the agreeable, hospitable young man, soon became very sociable:—but as the former is particularly fearful of being deficient in making a return for any civility he receives, he insisted, if the latter wished to oblige him, he would *dine* with us the next day at the grove, "My name is Arlington," "and mine," replied the gentleman, "is Delmont."

There was one circumstance I observed, which appeared to me very extraordinary. When Mr. Delmont heard our *name*, he regarded *me* with the greatest attention.—When we parted, he renewed his promise to dine with us the next day; but at the time we expected him, he sent an apology, assign-
ing

ing for reason that a friend was just arrived from London, but that he looked on his visit only deferred.—

He appears sensible and polite, and I am sure he is very agreeable; he seems a grave character, and in that respect the counter-part of Maria.

I have not time at present to acquaint you with my design, but the first opportunity. Je vous en donnerai avis.

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET.

LETTER XLII.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER

Arlington-grove.

AS you sent your last letter to Harley-street, I have but just received it; but as you have by this time got that which I dated from this place, you will perceive I had anticipated your wishes, and wrote from the country immediately after my arrival before I became acquainted with your request.

I have well considered about your speaking to Colonel Morley, about Sedgwick and Delia; and the result of that consideration, is agreeing with you
that

that it will be most prudent to *avoid* it.

After perusing the intreaties of your lively friend, to induce you to remain at Henley, until her husband returns,—I determined not to accept of your company at present. Were it even possible for you to think of leaving her, these doors shall positively be shut against you, until Mr. Newman makes his appearance.—After this declaration, I leave you to judge, whether or not, I am impatient for *his arrival*.

I wish Mr. Delmont would pay his intended visit ; I fancy my sister is not destitute of wishes for another view of his agreeable countenance ; but she must have patience, for to observe the proper *etiquette*, it is now *his* place to fix the day.

I assure you I should be so happy to see her advantageously married, and to have her for so near a neighbour, that I shall contrive for them to meet as often as possible: I am the more anxious for them to be sociable, or rather, to view each other with the eye of affection, as Mr. Arlington, who is an excellent *physiognomist*, assures me we shall find him every thing that is desirable.

But to effect this liking, and then improve it into love, he must have opportunities of discovering the excellent qualities of her *heart*. Her good sense, like her person, will improve an intimate acquaintance, but will never strike him or any other man, on the first interview. It is therefore, I repeat, necessary for them to be frequently together; and this was the design, I had not time to communicate in my last.

I cannot help thinking, I have heard the name of *Delmont* mentioned in some family we visited, but cannot recollect where.

Adieu ! ma tres chere femme !

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

HENRY BOSWELL

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

Delmont-hall.

I INFORMED you when we spent the evening together the other night, of the fortune which has been so unexpectedly left me by a distant relation on my mother's side; and just as Jack Charlton call'd in, I was going to inform you, that the money is left to me, with the proviso I take the name of *Seymour*. I leave you to judge whether I objected to that, or any other name, that will procure the agreeable addition to my income of *two thousand pounds a year*. I immediately resolved to quit a profession,

profession,

profession, which deprived me of one of my greatest enjoyments, the pleasures which the country affords.

As I had received such pressing solicitations from Delmont, when he was with me in town, to return with him to the hall, and as my business would not admit my complying with his request; I was no sooner informed of my acquisition of fortune, than I determined to spend the summer with him in Essex; at the same time, resolving, not to give you an item of my intentions, lest your rhetorick should have prevailed on me to *remain* in the *smoaky* metropolis.

The very day I arrived here, now said I, my good, I cannot add my lamented, cousin, has left me such an elegant sufficiency, and consequently enabled me to quit the practice of surgery; —I am come where friendship already dwells,

dwells, in search of "content, retirement, and rural quiet;" and have relinquished the best concerts London affords, without regret, for the music of the groves; and I will hope, as a man who is still young, and was once gay, has shewn such a preference for retirement. The coy quiriſters that lodge within, will be prodigal of their harmony: if not, the ſociety of my Delmont will amply compenſate for their deficiencies, during the ſummer which I intend ſpending with you.

"Ah! but ſomething I have to communicate, will, I fear," ſaid he, "again deprive me of your valued company.—While I was eating ſome ice a few evenings ago, I thought I heard the ſound of *female* voices; and looking through the window, I perceived a middle aged gentleman, raiſing two ladies from the graſs on which they
were

were seated : I remembered to have seen the gentleman before, and supposed it might have been at Chelmsford Church, but I did not know his name, the ladies were both strangers to me.

As they appeared to be in raptures with the prospect, and I had some little curiosity to have a nearer view of the females, (as the person of one of them appeared uncommonly elegant,) I requested the favour of their companies to view the prospect from my observatory.—They accepted my offer without any hesitation ; the gentleman expressed himself extremely obliged at the few civilities that I had shewn, and he so greatly over-rated ; told me his name was Arlington, and insisted on my dining with him the next day.

Good God ! said I, interrupting him, was Lucy with him ? or rather I should
first

first ask, is it the Arlington, *she* married?

“Have a minute’s patience,” said he, “and you shall hear all that passed.

“He introduced the youngest of the ladies to me as his wife, the other as her sister, whom he called, *Maria*.—This confirmed my suspicions that they were the Miss Clevelands, as I had heard you say *Maria* was the name of the *eldest*.”

But, said I, again interrupting him, is it possible you should not know my Lucy, can any other woman resemble her? but do not torture me with such suspense; describe the person and dress of the youngest sister, and I will soon inform you if it was *Lucy Cleveland* (I will not call her Arlington) that you have seen.—To confess a truth, Charles, there were too many corroborating circumstances

cumstances to leave me a doubt but it was *my* Lucy he had seen, but I wished to have a description of her lovely person from an *impartial* beholder:—my scheme succeeded, and Delmont replied;—“ You forget, Harry, that I had never *seen* Lucy; therefore no great wonder to a man in his right senses, that I should not know her: but to proceed to my description of the youngest lady. She is of the middle size, exceedingly delicate, languishing blue eyes, a lovely mouth, with a most inviting pair of lips; and her neck is formed by the hand of harmony: in a word, she is more than painting or sculpture can express, for she is *animated*.

Her dress was elegantly neat, without the least approach to finery; I cannot remember any particulars of it except her hat, which was, I believe, what they call chip, and was delicately ornamented,

mented, instead of being fashionably loaded, with laycock ribbon,—her sister.——

O, said I, never mind her sister,—by your description, it can be no other than *my* Lucy whom you have seen;—but did she speak?—did she appear cheerful?—talk to me about her, for this hour to come.

“On my word,” said he, “you are very unreasonable; *you* expect to be gratified in every wish, and would not permit *me* to speak of her sister; who, perhaps, may have as indisputable charms in *my* eyes, as Lucy has in *yours*:—not that I am so far gone as to be blinded by my love, and imagine the elder sister’s *personal* attractions in any degree equal to the younger; indeed, every woman I have seen, I think inferior in beauty to Mrs. Arlington; but
there

there was a something in Maria, which makes me wish for a second interview, and that I had thoughts of obtaining to-day; for Mr. Arlington gave me a very pressing invitation to dine with him, which I promised to accept,—but now you are come, what can I do—will you choose to accompany me?—

I am half inclined, said I, then recollecting myself,—no, Delmont—not for the world—the scene at the card table, is still recent in my memory, that interview being accidental I am sure she has forgiven; but was I to go premeditatedly into her presence, I might forfeit her good opinion, on which I set so inestimable a value:—send a card, and say, a friend having just arrived from town, obliges you to defer your visit, and we will afterwards talk the matter over, how you shall manage in future.

He immediately sent a message to that purport : and Lucy wrote a card, as from Mr. Arlington, “ that they hoped his visit would not be long deferred, and desired his friend might not prevent his pleasuring them with *his* company, as they should be happy if he would introduce *him* at the Grove.”

It was *her* writing, and the well known hand did not escape my particular notice :—you have seen her, and *felt* the power of her charms, consequently, will not ridicule me, when I confess, the identical card, has been my nearest companion ;—since she hangs about my heart, why should not her name be there ?—“ They wish him to introduce his friend at the Grove !”—Ah, Charles ! how little do they suspect *who* that friend is ?

After

After this behaviour, Delmont cannot, consistent with good breeding, decline visiting at Mr. Arlington's;—nor would I wish him,—for by his intimacy *there*, I shall gain frequent intelligence of my dear lovely girl!

There is a pretty house to be sold, within sight of this, which I have determined to purchase; for if I remain with Delmont, I shall be liable to meet that angel of a woman! who,—but for my fatal procrastination, would now have been my *wife*.

As I have *changed* my name, I hope to remain in this village, totally unsuspected. She! the idol of my heart! can never suppose, should she hear Mr. *Seymour* was her neighbour, that he is that *Boswell* whom she unfortunately loved.

I called at Mr. Cleveland's the evening before I left town, but as he was from home,—I request you will go there.—Tell him, how very grateful I am, for all favours received; tell him of my acquisition of fortune, which enables me to relinquish business; but at the same time assure him from me, that should he be unfortunate enough to require any chirurgical assistance, I shall desire him to command *my* services. You will request him not to mention my having quitted London, or my having changed my name, to his own family or to Mr. Arlington.

Tell the much respected Cleveland, that as my folly and delay, lost me the possession of his invaluable daughter, that my fortune is no addition to my felicity, as *she* cannot partake of it. In short, say every thing, or any thing, your friendly heart will suggest to you,
that

that will preserve me in his esteem; and tell him the resolution I have formed to live in retirement, until some happier fate awaits me; and you may likewise tell him, that though I adore Lucy, I respect her character too highly to *visit* her.

Delmont waits for me to take a ride with him,—I agree—any way but towards *Arlington Grove*.

Farewell!—write soon and frequent, to your sincerest friend, and much favoured

HENRY SEYMOUR:

C 3

LET:

LETTER XLIV.

MRS. DORMER

T O

MRS. ARLINGTON.

Newman-place, Henley.

I WAS extremely happy, Lucy, to
 see your letter dated from the Country;
 and cannot express how much I am ob-
 liged, by your devoting so much of
 your time to me: but as you know I
 must be interested in every thing which
 concerns you, or any part of your fa-
 mily, you cannot be too *minute* in your
 details.

I am

I am rather surpris'd you should not recollect *where* you have heard of Mr. Delmont; but as *my* memory has on this occasion been more tenacious than *yours*, I think it but kind to tell you that, from what I have learnt from the conversation of Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Grenville, Delmont is the *intimate friend* and *confident* of the *former*.—You are very unfortunate, my love, in being continually thrown in the way of this man, or his most intimate connections:—but do not alarm yourself with the apprehension of seeing him; his profession will confine him too much to the metropolis, to permit him to visit his friend for any long time: and should you hear of any gentleman being with Mr. Delmont, it is but avoiding *his* house for a short time, and declining inviting him to *yours*.

Delia tells me; she is to become Lady Selby, next Tuesday; and I never hear her mention the name of Sedgwick.—I cannot help saying she is by much too fortunate, to have so near a prospect of an union with *such* a man as Selby, who would be a much fitter husband for my Lucy, than for Delia Morley.

My father is impatient to go to Bath, and only waits to resign the troublesome charge he has long had in Delia, to a man, who I wish she may be worthy of.

Remember me to Mr. Arlington, and your sister, *apropos*.—I think your scheme to get her a *Bon Marie* a very excellent one; and she has my hearty wishes for its success.—I have not time to say more at present, than, that after the embargo you have laid, I should be a great simpleton to attempt to visit you until Newman arrives, and to insist

on

on your believing an *uncontrovertable fact*, which is, that you are most heartily and sincerely beloved,

By

FANNY DORMER.

C 5

LET.

LETTER XLV.

MRS. ARLINGTON

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington grove.

MR. Delmont visited us yesterday, and unless I am greatly mistaken, entirely deprived my sister of her heart. I approve her choice, as his person is extremely agreeable, and he appears sensible and well bred. I find, he is very partial to the country, and that we are likely to have him for a neighbour, nine months out of the twelve; he is likewise *fond of cards*; I will therefore leave you to determine, whether

ther Mr. *Arlington* is not *fond* of his *company*.

I am inquired for, adieu for the present.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

They wanted me to make one at the card table:—such a fine evening, I perfectly longed for a walk, but was determined to comply with Mr. *Arlington*'s wishes. *Delmont* called in, to tempt us to accompany him in a ramble; and on my *sister* urging Mr. *Arlington* to walk, *Delmont* immediately expressed his astonishment, at any person preferring to gaze on painted paper, to the fine green verdure which exhibited itself now in every field.—“Well,” said Mr. *Arlington*, “follow your own inclinations, but excuse *me*:”—when we found him determined on stay-
C 6 ing

ing at home, we immediately seated ourselves round the card table, upon which he appeared good humoured, declaring, "we were a most docile set of beings."

I think, I can observe some particular attentions from Delmont to Maria: it is by no means impossible he may be pleased with her; she is agreeable in her person, though not handsome, and deserves a very good husband:—in him I do think she would find one. Mr. Arlington is so fond of his company, that he knows not how to part with him when night comes.

I have this moment received your letter, my memory was *treacherous* indeed—I now perfectly recollect, *who* mentioned so frequently the name of *Delmont*.—Fanny! notwithstanding all my precautions, you see how my fate pursues me. *His* friend, *his* confident.

—You

—You may depend this Delmont is well acquainted then, with your poor Lucy's heart ;—It was that knowledge, which occasioned his eyes to view me with so particular attention the first time we met, after he heard my name.—How astonishing, that my memory should be less tenacious than yours, on *such* an occasion !—perhaps, the very friend we solicited him to introduce, was Boswell!—Yet would *he* have avoided me?—certainly :—for he has hitherto, given the greatest proofs of self-denial and prudence, in his conduct towards

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

—MR. Arlington has just received a letter from Captain Hallifax, wherein he tells him, “that his wife intends paying a visit to her relations in this part of the country; but as they have not accommodation for him, he shall make free with a bed at our house, during her stay with them.”—I think it very extraordinary, his assigning the deficiency of accommodation with her friends, as the cause of inviting himself here: in the first place, where a family can receive the *wife*, I cannot conceive a difficulty

difficulty in entertaining the *husband*; besides, he formerly said, he did not *chuse* to keep up an intimacy with *her* relations, whom he suspected he should blush to own: and in this letter, there appears no objection to accompanying *her*, but the want of *accommodation* at the house she is going to.—I cannot reconcile such glaring absurdities; he certainly tells many falsehoods, and, by unfortunately having a bad memory, sometimes betrays himself.—I assure you, I am not in the least concerned to be deprived of Mrs. Hallifax; for I am so *ungrateful*, as to have an aversion to every person who “*loves me exceedingly*,” after a very few hours acquaintance.

Captain Hallifax is rather handsome, has a pleasing address, and though I believe he is not a very *wise* man, he has sense enough to prevent his folly appearing

appearing very *conspicuous* : as to her, I confess, my penetration cannot at present see into her character ; but Mr. Arlington insists, he is a dupe to her artifice.

We are going to spend the day at Delmont-Hall : there is no *friend* on a visit there, so I may go very safely.

Adieu, my best loved friend.

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

Arlington-grove.

WE are just returned, and I cannot retire to my bed-room, without telling you we have passed a very agreeable day : and of one circumstance which happened, which I cannot account for, and as women are naturally curious, I confess it has ingrossed my thoughts ever since.

After tea, a walk in the garden was proposed. It was a glorious evening,
the

the sun set with uncommon magnificence, and soon after the moon rose in the opposite quarter, and by her fainter rays, gave new beauties to a situation, to which all description is inadequate.

After we had walked a short time, Delmont proposed our going in the field, at the bottom of the garden. "They are milking the cows," said he, "and we shall have a syllabub in perfection."

When we came there, we found some garden chairs placed ready for our accommodation, and on one of them, lay a *german flute*.—As it was on the very chair which was left for me, I put the flute on my lap, which Delmont perceiving, he offered to take it from me: No, said I, unless you will promise to draw some tones from it, it may as well be here. He assured me
he

he could not play. To whom then does it belong? said I, "to a friend of mine," he replied, "who left me a few days since."

This was what I wanted to learn, Fanny, for I knew it was the *very flute*, I had so often seen in our parlour, and which my father, had frequently desired Boswell to amuse us girls with.

My sister and Mr. Arlington, was gone back to the house in search of a favourite greyhound; and Delmont invited me into a summer-house, which commanded a very picturesque view. — I had the flute still in my hand, and had just put it to my mouth, as if I intended to blow it, when I heard a voice (which, if ever I heard his, I think was Boswell's) exclaim, "Fool that I was! — It is too much!" — I immediately asked Delmont from whence the voice proceeded;

proceeded; he assured me he did not know, and looked as much astonished as myself.—There was a small house in view, and I insisted for some time, that it must have come from thence; but Mr. Delmont said, it could not be, that the house I mentioned belonged to a Mr. Seymour, and that it was impossible a voice could be heard distinctly from such a distance. My flurry, at what I thought a well known sound, had prevented my recollecting how impossible it was to hear from thence.

We partook plentifully of the syllabub; but I was foolish enough to be out of spirits the rest of the evening: I expected Delmont would mention the circumstance (which had filled us both with so much astonishment) every moment;—but he did not, and I had not resolution to speak of it: so thoroughly

am

am I convinced that it was Boswell
who made the exclamation that so much
disconcerted

Your

LUCY ARLINGTON.

L E T.

LETTER XLVIII.

MRS. DORMER

T O

MRS. ARLINGTON.

Newman-place, Henley.

DELIA is married—and in the title of Lady Selby, appears to have attained the extent of her wishes; as to the *man*, amiable as he is, I do not believe she cares a pinch of snuff for him.

My father set out for Bath a few days after she became mistress of that elegant villa, which Sir William has so lately purchased, and which you so much admired.

Though

Though my father is a very worthy and sensible man, there is a *reserve* in his manner, which prevents one ever being sociable with him : as to Delia, she has ever appeared *disgusting* in our eyes ; consequently, we do not regret the loss of either of their companies : but the absence of Sir William Selby, is, I assure you, to be *regretted* ; and his time, is at present, too much ingrossed by his bride, to admit of our receiving many visits from him.

A letter I have just received from the India House, informs me, Mr. Dormer is well, or to speak with greater propriety, *was* so when he wrote. He tells me he has some thoughts of coming to England, but is not yet absolutely determined ; he writes in a very affectionate stile, and laments his long absence from his "*sweet little woman*," these are his words.—Why did he send me to
England,

England, if my absence was to be lamented?—but men are great *inconsistencies*.——I had a letter by the same conveyance, from my sister, who tells me I have no rivals, but the *black ladies*, and that Dormer has quite a seraglio of *them*.

But this intelligence, Lucy, is not *novel* to me, for he would frequently substitute one of them in my place when I had offended him; and if ever I complained of such an indignity, he would laugh and tell me, If *I* found “variety charming, why should not *be*?”—But she assures me, that all his suspicions of my infidelity, are intirely dissipated, and that he speaks of me at all times with the greatest tenderness.

He has sent me a miniature, done from a painting of him, by Kettle, but I do not think it a good likeness. I
am

am to set for mine, and send it to him by the next ships, and yet he talks of coming to England, so I suppose, my picture is to give him the meeting: but I observed before that men were *inconsistent* beings.

I am engaged at Lady Selby's this evening, which prevents my conversing with you more at present.

Would you believe it? she has sent the carriage for me, which do you think was the motive? to *accommodate me*, or honour me with a ride in her *new vis-a-vis*, and give her servant an opportunity of announcing "*Lady Selby's carriage waits.*" Perhaps, Lucy, I may be too ill-natured; but I confess, I believe I may thank *vanity* for this piece of civility:—one good thing, I shall not be long teized with her company, for I will venture to say, when the Play-

Houses are open, *Henley* nor *Selby* will not have sufficient attractions to keep her from *London* :—bless me, I had forgot her ladyship's carriage—it is your fault; when I begin to write to you, I never know when to finish.—

Adieu!

FANNY DORMER.

L E T.

L E T T E R X L I X.

M R S. D O R M E R

T O

M R S. A R L I N G T O N.

Newman-place, Henley.

I WAS in such haste when I wrote my last letter, I forgot to mention any thing respecting the surprise you met with in the summer-house.—I think it was a point of delicacy in Delmont to be silent; for, as I should think you could not be deceived in the voice, you may depend he knew you was *visible* to *Boswell*, though *he* contrived to be *invisible* to you.

I believed, and hoped, he was in *London*, but this circumstance almost con-

vinces me, he is in your neighbourhood. If so—where is his *prudence*?

Sir William gave me a very friendly and polite reception at his house; but a tête-a-tête which I had with her ladyship, will not surprise you, but will serve to confirm those prejudices we have long entertained.

On retiring to her dressing-room to shew me a number of very tasty and elegant *bijoux*, which Sir William had purchased for her.

“Would you believe,” said she, “Sir William and I, have had a *matrimonial* quarrel already.”

How is it possible, said I, to have a difference with a man who appears to have so amiable a disposition?—I fancy

cy you expect *too much*, or he could never fall short of your expectations.

Not I, indeed, she replied; I only desired “to go to London, instead of staying in this *dismal* place; but he has such a vast notion of *domestic* happiness, of which I have not the least idea.”

Why, said I, I must confess, Delia, your disposition appears to me so much the *reverse* of his, that I am astonished he should ever *marry* you.

“O,” she replied, “I played my cards very cunningly, to secure the title of *Lady Selby*, and to mortify some other people who shall be nameless:” I suppose, she alluded to the duke of H—— and the forsaken Sedgwick. “I duped Sir William to such a degree, that he at last believed me as fond of gloomy groves, dashing cascades, and crystal
D 3 streams,

streams, as his foolish self; and he married me to make him *blessed* in *retirement*.—Ha! ha! ha! I can hardly proceed for laughing, Fanny; how any man that is not an idiot, could ever suppose, that I, with *my* person, and lively temper, would shut myself up at Henley, for only him to gaze on me!—what is the admiration of *one* man—a husband too?—I would be adored by all the world,—and so would you and your demure Lucy, and every woman, but you want my generosity to make you own it.—No, no; I am determined to go to London, and as I shall not be there long, without a *Cicisbeo*, I will permit Sir William, whom you allow to be a handsome fellow, to be *yours*,—provided, you can leave the shady groves, and by accompanying me, learn how to live.

Upon

Upon Sir William's tapping at the room-door, she put an end to the conversation, which was a piece of prudence I should not have given her credit for.

As Mrs. Newman waits for me to accompany her to a neighbour's, where we are engaged to dine, I must leave you, to make your own comments on the conduct of my pretty *fashionable* sister.

Farewell!—I think it an age since you wrote

To your devoted

FANNY DORMER.

LETTER L.

MRS. ARLINGTON

TO

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

CAPTAIN Hallifax came here yesterday ; he says, he expects his wife to make this her way home, and call for him in a few weeks.

I can perceive, Mr. Arlington thinks his conduct very unaccountable, but he does not always choose to *communicate* his sentiments, even to *me*.

I have just had the inexpressible satisfaction, to receive a letter from my father.

father. None but them who have experienced similar indulgencies, can form a just idea of my feelings, at the prospect of once more enjoying his respected and beloved society: he tells me, he has in a great measure, got the better of his aversion to travelling; insomuch, that he should certainly venture thirty miles from London, sooner than put up with the loss of our society any longer.

I wish he was come; he knows every thought of my heart, and will make a thousand different excuses for his poor girl, when he observes me looking more than commonly serious. Nay, I can assume courage to request him, to enquire, if Mr. Boswell is in the village; though I almost think it impossible, if it is so, that it could remain a secret.—The village is small, and there is but one gentleman (which is Mr. *Seymour*),
D 5
who

who is not personally known to Mr. Arlington; though we do not visit more than two families besides Delmont.

I am already displeased with the behaviour of Captain Hallifax; he never treats me with that respect in Mr. Arlington's absence, as he does in his presence: he is taking every possible opportunity to romp; merely, I can see, as an excuse for kissing me.—If I speak to him of his wife, and express a concern (which politeness obliges me to assume) at being deprived of her company; he makes me no other reply, than “*people of Ton have separate pursuits.*”——For my part, I am so unacquainted with fashionable life, that I declare I do not understand him.

Mr. Arlington is just returned from a ride, in which Delmont accompanied him.

He

He complains of a great sickness at his stomach. I shall advise him to lie down.

He has had very little sleep, and complains of a violent pain in his head, and one of his legs, which I think appears to be swelling. I have sent to Chelmsford for Doctor L——.

Doctor L—— has pronounced it the *gout*; he says, there is no fear but he will do very well, if he can but keep it out of his stomach:—but he has since had an attack there, and has suffered, by his own account, excruciating pain.

I have not left him since he was taken ill, for which attention, though my duty, he is very thankful. I expect my father to-morrow ;—it is very unfortunate, his first visit should be at a time we are all so melancholy.—I must get my sister, and Delmont, to shew him the many beauties in this part of the country : I am sure he will not like the company of Captain Hallifax ; and I will devote all *my* time to Mr. *Arlington*.

Ah, Fanny ! why did I ever deceive him ? yet, as I cannot believe by his conduct he is acquainted with it, he is not injured.

“ He that is robb’d, not wanting what
Is stol’n ; let him not know’t, and
He’s not robb’d at all.”

I hope

I hope my next will be the messenger
of some alteration for the better, in the
esteemed husband,

Of your

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET.

LETTER LI.

MRS. ARLINGTON

TO

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

MY dearest father is arrived, and, thank God, in perfect health; but Mr. Arlington has had another very violent attack in his stomach: he is a little better, but so much altered by the excess of pain, that you would scarce know him. He seems alarmed at the complaint falling *there*, but I sincerely hope his fears are occasioned by the depresseure of his spirits. The doctor assures me is likely to recover, and there are many instances of people being very long-

long-lived, who are troubled with the gout.

When my father came into the room, while doctor L—— was present, Mr. Arlington said, “you are just come in time, my friend Cleveland, to receive my instructions; I made a *will* some time since, and I now request you to accept the *sole executorship*.”

My father said he was ready to oblige him, for that being prepared for death was very proper in every sense of the word; especially as that preparation did not hasten our exit.

“Certainly not,” said he, “but as this complaint will most likely *one* day put a period to my life, I am rather alarmed since it has fell into my stomach, lest *that* day may be *nearly* approaching.

“I thank

“I thank God I do not feel terrors similar to those persons, who, in the *fear* of dying, suffer *worse* than death; I look forward to it, as a release from corporeal pain, and have not, I believe, a greater share of apprehension, than what is implanted in our natures, from our ignorance of a future state; but when a moment’s reflection tells me, that death will separate me from my Lucy!—my wife!—your lovely and amiable daughter! it is *then* my boasted fortitude forsakes me.”

I was (as it is but natural to suppose) so much affected by this conversation, that bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing myself on the bed where he lay; O, said I, thou best and most attentive of husbands! do not talk of leaving me, when I am but just become acquainted with your worth:—then turning to my father, you know not,
 dear

dear Sir, the many happy and rational hours I have spent ; there is but one—Fanny ! I was going to confess the only circumstance in which I ever deceived my husband ; when my father, *guessing*, I imagine, what I was going to say, interrupted me with a very *significant* look, saying, “ misjudging girl ! why torment yourself with unnecessary fears ? there is no reason to despair ; with the blessing of Providence, but Mr. Arlington will recover, and that there are many happy years in store for you.”

I was so exhausted by my own reflections, and the scene that was before me, that it was with great difficulty they kept me from fainting.

My father insisted I should exert myself, and endeavour to take a short walk, if it was only in the garden ; as,
he

he said, the confinement would injure my health, and prevent my paying a proper attendance on my husband.

“Aye,” said Mr. Arlington, “be persuaded, I am better, and your sister will give me my medicine, as you do not chuse to trust the nurse, you know I have experienced *her* care on a former occasion (alluding to the time he sprained his ankle).

We had not been long in the garden before Hallifax followed us. I had just received my father’s forgiveness unsolicited, for my rashness, in going to divulge my only secret to my husband, and by way of recruiting his spirits (which were somewhat agitated), I was going to acquaint him with my observations on Delmont’s behaviour to my sister, as I knew the prospect of such a settlement for her, would give him

him infinite joy. To deprive him of a pleasurable sensation, though but for a moment, almost induced me to be *rude* to Hallifax, who had so unseasonably interrupted me.

After bowing to my father, "I am come to tell you," said he, addressing himself to me, "that I am not to enjoy the company of my pretty wife (now you will be pleased, as I am praising her) for some weeks longer, as she is going somewhere in the country, I have forgot the name of the place, to visit a new-married pair; but she tells me the lady is so very handsome, she will not trust me to accompany her; and as I have no inclination to go to London, until the season is more advanced, you will most likely be troubled with my company, unless I must turn out because Mr. Arlington is an *invalid*."

I told

I told him, his own good sense would point out to him *when* the absence of a mere acquaintance would be *acceptable*, that my mind was at present in such an agitated state, I could not attend to *ceremonious* forms.

"I understand you," said he, "you want me to quit your house; I confess you have adopted a very *civil* mode of saying some *rude* things."

My father was provoked, and was going to notice his speech; but as I apprehended some disagreeable altercation would ensue, I pulled him by the sleeve, and he very considerately on my account, checked his resentment, and only said, "I suppose Captain Hallifax is in jest; he could not *mean* to affront you, as that would be taking a paltrous advantage of your being a woman."

He

He made no reply, but taking his leave, wished Mr. Arlington better, and ordered his horse to be got ready. When he was gone, I related many particulars of his behaviour: my father thought I had acted right in expressing myself as I did to him. "*Contempt,*" said he, "and avoiding his company, is the best resentment a *modest* woman can shew to a man, who has treated her with *disrespect.*"

On our return in the house, my father went up to Mr. Arlington, and I suspect had related to him what I told him about Hallifax, for when I went into the room, I heard the latter say, "she behaved with her usual prudence; let me never see his face here again, for"—when he perceived me in the room, he stopped. Thank God, he has not had any violent return of the pain, and I begin to have hopes my next
letter

letter will convey a still better account of his health.—I want rest—I am quite wearied out for want of sleep at nights.

“ O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature’s soft nurse—
How have I frightened thee, that thou no more
Wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness.

Farewell, my Fanny?—I am sure
you kindly commiserate your unhappy
friend,

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET-

LETTER LII:

MISS CLEVELAND

TO

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

THE disagreeable task of communicating the most *melancholy* event I have ever been witness to, is reserved for me—you are, by these few lines, no doubt, prepared to hear that Mr. Arlington is *no more*. He was seized yesterday with so violent an attack in his stomach and head, that nature was soon exhausted, and he died in a very few hours.

Such

Such a scene ! my dear Mrs. Dormer ! is not to be described in any manner, that can give you a *just* idea of it.— Our poor distressed Lucy never left his bed-side. Between the intervals of his pain, he caught hold of her hand, which he clasped with such violence, that it was with difficulty we loosed it. He was sensible, but speechless, until within an hour of his death ; and in his delirium, he flung himself in her arms, and there expired.

She was not, until my father spoke, to be prevailed on to quit the body ; but reproached herself for the indifference she had felt for him, until very lately, in terms which affected every person present,

She fainted twice on our attempting to remove her into another chamber. She had no sleep during the whole night

night, but appeared to lay in a state of stupefaction. She has a violent fever, and I do not myself believe perfectly in her senses, for she has not mentioned your name, nor attempted to write to you.

Her concern for his death is *real*, and however faulty she may appear to the eye of an *unfeeling* and *misjudging* world, a want of *conjugal* attentions could never be alledged against her.

Though we know she did not love Mr. Arlington—yet her's is such a tender, delicate frame, it cannot well support any of the boisterous waves of fortune : and I terrify myself lest it should prove fatal to her.

I am now writing at the foot of her bed. She calls me.—Adieu for the present.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

I had not opportunity to write yesterday, but I have deferred concluding my letter to a very good purpose, as I am enabled to inform you, our dearest Lucy is infinitely better: her fever is abated, and I have hopes, that she has not a complaint left, but what the lenient hand of time will remove.

It is cruel to invite you to the house of mourning; but you know what consolation your society would afford to Lucy, and you cannot, I hope, doubt, but it will be an infinite pleasure,

To

MARIA CLEVELAND.

LET.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

LETTER LIII.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER.

Arlington-grove.

YOU are by this time acquainted with my *loss*. I do not make use of the word I have rendered emphatic, merely, as an essential in the *first* letter you receive from a *widow*; but to convey to you the *true* state of my feelings, on the death of Mr. Arlington.—Though he was an object of indifference to me at the time I married him, and though I never loved him,—yet his merit, his regard for me, and unabated attentions, produced the effect I wished for and expected:—A tender attachment; duty

and honour were the bonds by which I was united to him.

I take heaven to witness ! there is but one consolation I can derive, from being deprived of him, so shortly after our union : he died ignorant of the wrong done to him by a parent and a child, in giving him a *divided* heart.

My tender, my indulgent father, shews such an anxiety at the depressure of my spirits, and seems so fully persuaded, that varying the scene, may, in some degree, dispel the gloom, which at present, in spite of my efforts, hovers over my mind, that he has obtained my promise, to quit this melancholy mansion ; and accept a residence with him, until affairs are sufficiently settled, to enable me to determine in what place, and manner, I shall live in *future*.—I shall not, therefore, solicit your much
loved

loved company, even admitting Mr. Newman is arrived, until I have a *home* to offer you: we shall then, I hope, be as ignorant of a separate interest, as of the regrets which have been occasioned by absence.

I am sorry to tell you, that Mr. Dormer's circumstances are greatly embarrassed, and that the immense sums he is indebted to the Black Merchants, is the reason assigned for his not quitting India. We had this intelligence from undoubted authority, and I fear it will be but too strongly confirmed, when Mr. Newman arrives.—Indeed, it is proper to make you acquainted with one circumstance, which from motives of *delicacy* my father has kept you ignorant of—There has been no remittances either last season or this; but my father being in hopes it was not owing to Mr. Dormer's *inability*, but perhaps,

his *negligence*, in waiting until the Company's treasury was *shut*, before he applied to remit bills; preserved the expectations of receiving money by every ship that was expected in, and was unwilling to tell you, that you have been entirely dependant on *him*. He is ignorant of my mentioning this circumstance to you; though I shall not suffer him to remain so:—but as I know it has been a great inconvenience to him, I shall expect, and insist in future, that all your drafts are sent to *me* for acceptance. I will not admit of any objections—you cannot make *one*, but what must be the effect of *false pride*.

My father has just solicited Mr. Delmont to accompany us to town;—he seemed to wait for my *sisters* expressing a *wish* for him to *accept* the invitation; for he no sooner spoke to that purpose, than Delmont bowing respectfully to
 my

my father, said, he could not resist so great a happiness as the society of him and his family; he spoke in general terms, but I fancy, thought of *one* of the family with *particular* pleasure. He is extremely amiable, and I only wish he was my brother:—but I at some times fear, notwithstanding the partiality he appears to feel for my sister, that the inference I have drawn from his conduct, is more the effect of my wishes than my expectations; and that my hopes are destitute of a real foundation. Why should he *conceal* his affection, if he really feels an inclination for her? and I do not believe he has ever *avowed* a regard; but of this I cannot be certain, for as she never mentions him when we are alone, I think there would be an indelicacy, in my first starting the subject, especially, as I believe, she has a very great attachment to him: a circumstance the other evening, served to con-

firm my former suspicions of her hopeless love, which I have not spirits at present to recite :—my indisposition has left me so weak, that writing for any length of time fatigues my mind, which is in a confused and depressed state.—

Adieu, thou amiable repository of all the afflictions of

LUCY ARLINGTON.

L E T.

LETTER LIV.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

Sedley-green.

MR. Arlington is dead—gone, we are to hope, to receive the reward of his many virtues.

I acquainted you in my two last letters *, with the rapid progress of his disorder.—As a *fellow creature*, I was shocked at the account of his sufferings, but as an *interested* individual, I received the account of his release with pleasure: every man in my situation must

E 5

have

* Which letters do not appear.

have felt as I did; though very few would have ingenuousness enough to acknowledge they were *rejoiced* to hear of his death.—Did I not in a former letter, build all my hopes upon the probability of being the survivor?—have I not a prospect of happiness expanding itself to my view?—will *procrastination* do you think *again* impede my union with the most lovely and beloved of her sex?—

Yet, do not infer from this, that I mean to act with a precipitation that must wound her delicacy: No—I shall not this week, or next, personally declare those sentiments she already knows. I must follow her to London, and as her father has taken her to his own house, I shall have frequent opportunities of being in her company; and I will endeavour to defer an avowal of that passion I have so long felt for her, until
her

her eyes shall express her wonder at my delay.

I have every reason to think her worthy father will prove a powerful advocate for me: Not but I have vanity enough to believe, I am *beloved*: but may she not have her scruples respecting Nancy Collins? she thinks, I *seduced* her, and Lucy's *nice* sentiments of *honour*, will induce her to promote my marrying *Nancy*; though she, at the very time, wishes me *her* husband.—It must, therefore, be my first care, to establish that friendship and good opinion which her father still honours me with: he knows I was not the first that received Nancy's favours, and it was that which made him insist on her not being introduced in his family, though I at that time acknowledged her as my wife.—I have never been able to learn, with whom she went off; and I shall

not now make any enquiries, as I can then declare with the strictest truth, my total ignorance of her, and her situation, should the worthy Cleveland make any enquiries.

I have been so taken up with my own affairs, and my mind so ingrossed with the happy prospects that await me, that I forgot to mention a circumstance, which is of some consequence to my friend Delmont.—He has found attractions in Miss Cleveland, sufficient to determine him to apply to her father for his consent to their union.

I advised him to delay his proposals for a short time, as I thought he was ignorant of her great deficiency in fortune; and I knew him a man of too extravagant a disposition, for it to be prudent in him to marry a woman without *some* money.

But

But you may as well talk to the winds, as to a man in love. "What was fortune in competition to the woman one loved?"—O, said I, *votre pardon*—you are perfectly right, with the woman one loves, we need no other food : a thatched cot will appear an elegant mansion, and an higler's cart, will have more charms than a vis-a-vis, without a Maria Cleveland.

"Be not so profuse of your rallery," said he ; "it ill becomes the sighing, doating Seymour, to 'jest at scars, when he has felt a wound.'—It is true, I love Miss Cleveland, and likewise think myself beloved by her. It is true my fortune is impaired, but I have enough left to make us both happy."

Mr. Cleveland gave him a very pressing invitation to accompany them to their town-house ; and I suppose, after what

what I have related, it is almost unnecessary to tell you, that he gladly accepted it.

I shall go to town in a few days, and shall then want no addition to my happiness, but the company of my valued Grenville.—You had better be with me for your own sake, as I shall otherwise weary your eyes with the perusal of the *volumes* you will receive,

From

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LET-

LETTER LV.

M R S. D O R M E R.

T O

M R S. A R L I N G T O N.

Newman-place, Henley.

EVERY person must lament the loss of an amiable man, a sincere friend, and rational companion: No wonder then my Lucy has felt so poignantly for that of Mr. Arlington; whose worth shone so conspicuously in his whole conduct towards her: but I am not capable of writing an elogium to his memory; and equally so in disguising the real feelings of my heart. However indelicate you may think me, I cannot, indeed, Lucy, suppress the pleasurable sensations that will arise, at the
happy

happy prospects that are not only in view, but in your *reach*.

I am truly concerned your father should have experienced an inconvenience by assisting me ; kind and generous man ! how few like him would have injured *himself* to serve the wife of his *friend* ? promises and professions do not cost any thing,—them we are never at a loss for—but such a real act of disinterested friendship as I have received from your father, is not, I fear, to be met with out of his family, and the whole world in purchase for such friends would be gain !

“ Think’st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?

Am I too warm ?—*Too* warm I cannot be.

I lov’d him much ; but *now* I love him *more*.”

I am as ignorant of Mr. Dormer’s circumstances as a stranger, for it is a subject

ject he never touches on in any of his letters.

You tell me with your accustomed kindness we shall have “no separate interest.” How is it possible we should, are we not one?—but to adopt your style.—I shall not draw on you for acceptance, until I know what cash is at your banker’s:—but to be serious.—When I find a deficiency, Lucy, I shall apply to my father. I want nothing more from you, your *friendship* is sufficient—and let them who have a juster claim, share your *fortune*.

Lady Selby went to London last week; whether her intreaties or her menaces prevailed, I do not know: but she is gone, at which I heartily rejoice. Nothing is more irksome, than being obliged to appear pleased with a person, whose manners and principles,
you

you detest: yet, the many kindnesses I have received from her father, induced me, from motives of gratitude, to treat her with *more* than civility. Indeed, a contrary conduct would offend him, for he does not see her with the eyes we do. Sir William has taken a house in Portman Square; she has by all accounts, acquired a splendid fortune, and an amiable man.—May she deserve them!—but surely she must sometimes think of Sedgwick.

Mrs. Newman calls me;—though I tell her I am writing to you—she will not excuse me. She is now at my elbow;—"Lord! what with writing to this Lucy, reading her letters, and thinking of her, one has not a moment of your company; I will positively determine to quarrel with you both, be but sociable until Newman comes, and then *march* as soon as you please."

Dear

Dear lively creature ! if it was possible to be angry with her, I should at this moment :—but I will oblige her by laying aside my pen, when I have declared you are now the *only* one I love ; and yet I ought to love another—unfortunate Fanny !

Make my kind and respectful remembrance to your father, and tell your sister, I wish I was half so good as herself.

FANNY DORMER,

L. E. T.

LETTER LVI.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T O

MRS. DORMER.

St. James's-street.

WE arrived here, my friend, last night, and I am now a visitor, where I was once at home. Whilst my sister and I were out for a walk this morning, Mr. Grenville called, and my father made him promise to dine with us. When he came I was in my dressing-room, reading your last letter.

On his knocking at the door (my father, it seems, sent him up to me) I naturally enquired, who was there.—“A friend,” said he, “in the strictest sense
of

of the word :” I opened the door, but guess my surprise, when I saw it was *Grenville* : as I really believe you a friend, said I, you may come in.

“ You must neither accuse me of indelicacy, nor be displeased with me,” said he ; “ when you are informed of my principal motive for wishing for a private audience.—But have I not declared I would be your friend ?—I have, and I am going to give you the greatest proof of my disinterested regard, by pleading for my *friend*, at a time, when I *myself* am so tenderly attached to you, that I feel the sacrifice almost too great for human nature to support :—and I am certain, friendship would have yielded to self-interest, had not your indifference, and the certainty of never gaining more than your esteem, shielded me from such treachery.

“ Mr

“Mr. Boswell is in town, and I know it is his intention to make very frequent visits to your father, on *whose* account I leave you to guess. I am sure he will not be so indelicate as to urge any thing that may appear too precipitate. But remember, how severely he has suffered for his deception and procrastination. I will now, before you have an interview, make you acquainted with the nature of his connection, with the person whom you, and many others, believed to be his wife.

Was there not a young Lady who lived with him as a wife? did he not, said I, seduce her from the paths of virtue, and then forsake her?

“Nancy Collins,” he replied, “was his *mistress*; and latterly, he very foolishly suffered her to appear as his wife. As she had none but *personal* attractions,
his

his fondness for her, was but of short duration; though he had many *doubts* of her fidelity to him, *subsequent* to his attachment with her: he had sufficient *proofs* of her connections with other men, *prior* to their acquaintance.—She had often solicited him to marry her, but he was not to be wheedled into such an union.

“ She at last had recourse to an expedient which in some measure succeeded to her wishes. She assured him she was *pregnant*. This circumstance, added to her tears and intreaties, prevailed on him to consent to her *appearing* as his wife, though he solemnly swore never to marry her.

“ It was about this time, he became acquainted with Mr. Cleveland. He had known Miss Collins and her family, long before her connection with Boswell,

well, and insisted on his never introducing her into his family; at the same time he told him, that *his* society would be too great a sacrifice; and requested *him*, to be frequent and sociable in his visits.—I shall tell my daughters, said Mr. Cleveland, you are a *married* man, and are parted from your wife, it will prevent their falling in love with such a handsome young fellow.

“These were your father’s words.—*You* are the best judge, whether he was sufficiently guarded.”

My blushes, Fanny, made him the reply he expected.—You are not ignorant, said I, of my *unfortunate*, and what I believed, my *criminal* attachment to your friend; nay, it *was* so—for though he was not married, I regarded him, as one, who had vowed fidelity to *another*.—It was not until after I was married
that

that I was undeceived—it was then *too late*.—Yet I have the satisfaction to reflect, that I was as valuable a wife to Mr. Arlington, as if I had loved him :—by his conduct towards me, and his conversation with my father, I have no reason to suppose he suspected my regard for your friend.

“It was impossible he should,” replied Grenville, “and in that one instance, dissimulation was *laudable* : his being informed of it, might have made a visible alteration in his behaviour to you ; it might have occasioned you to have been very miserable, but never could have insured your happiness. Be satisfied, my dear Mrs. Arlington, with your amiable and justly approved conduct to a worthy man, whom your family and some of your friends knew you could not love. You are very young, and it is still in your power, to

secure to yourself and my friend, years of happiness, should the Almighty spare your lives."

Enough, said I, my good friend; you know Boswell has a powerful advocate in my bosom: however, you are an excellent pleader, and you may tell your friend, whenever *he* gives me assurances of his attachment, he will find me in possession of the same heart and inclinations, that he loved in Lucy Cleveland.

—My father came in—but made no enquiries about the conversation which had so long detained Grenville in my room, by which I guess, he *knew* the subject he was come to preach on.

He could not stay to dinner, as he said, he had just received a letter from Mr. Newman, informing him of his arrival; and requesting him to give him the meeting at the Green-park Coffee-house,

house, to accompany him to Henley:—but remember, you are not to communicate this intelligence, as it is designed to be an agreeable surprise to Mrs. Newman. What must her feelings be, at the sight of a man she loves, who has been so long absent?

You will see Grenville in a few hours: indeed, by this time, he is most probably arrived; for I have stole time from my sleep to communicate the contents of this.—In a short time I shall expect to have you with me; my next letter will most probably inform you, *where* we shall reside.—Fanny! I wish my interview with Boswell was over, how shall I behave? he is no stranger to my regard for him, and were I inclined to dissemble, I must appear very despicable.

F 2

I am

I am ashamed of you, Fanny, when you talk of applying to your father for money: shall those whose hearts are one, scruple to share their possessions?

Farewell, my love! you know how very sincerely, I am your

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LET-

LETTER LVII.

M R S. D O R M E R

T O

M R S. A R L I N G T O N.

Newman-place, Henley.

MR. Newman, and his friend Grenville, are arrived ; we were just returned from a walk :—the warmth of the evening had induced us to seat ourselves in the window which looks over the lawn ; —we had not been there many minutes, before the post-chaise arrived. The impatient Newman put his head out of the window, to catch a glance of his dear little wife : she saw him—and the surprise had such an effect upon her spi-

rits, that she was in hysteries for near an hour.

I told her you had laid an injunction on me of secrecy, but she declares she will never forgive either of us, for keeping her so many hours ignorant of her approaching felicity.

You may suppose we are all in high spirits on the present joyful occasion, and the lively Harriet protests, she will make a public demonstration of Newman's return, by literally fulfilling the Scriptures, and having the *fatted calf* killed. She is so serious in her determination, that she has given orders for the calf to be roasted whole to-morrow, in the market-place.

Newman laughing immoderately at the oddity of her conceit, declared, she would make herself the *laughing-stock* of

of the whole town; and he should go by the appellation of the *prodigal husband*, by all the village.—“I care not,” said she, “for any thing they may *think*, and it is not any thing they can *say*, which (now you are with me) can lessen my *stock of laughter*. The first thing they will call you, depend upon it, will be a *simpleton*, for giving up your own opinion to a woman’s whim! and what will be thought still more extraordinary, to a woman! to whom you have been married near *five* years.

Newman is a very agreeable creature; if you was here, you would be saucy enough, to say, I should not think so, had not his eyes flattered me with their approbation: but I put a negative to any such assertion. I confess, if he continues to gaze, as he has done the last four and twenty hours, I shall have

F 4

some

some apprehension of the “green-eyed monster” visiting these regions of bliss.

Your last letter is received—read—and much approved of; but how to confess what I have done with it, I know not.—Yet you may as well be informed now, as some time hence.—I have given it to Grenville. You may be as angry as you please, but I guessed, it was wanted to shew to Boswell; and, I thought, he had been kept long enough in suspense: and, in truth, you have confessed little more to me, than what might be collected from your conversation with Grenville. You see, we are determined to bring matters to an *éclaircissement* between you, and then you will have none to blame but yourselves, if you are not happy. However, as I have parted with this letter without your permission, I shall very soon personally intreat forgiveness; but, as you
are

are powerful, be merciful, and do not provoke me to say, "I know in your heart, you are pleased with my conduct."

Grenville desires to be most kindly remembered to you : you observed, in one of your letters, that I never mentioned him.—I wonder I should not, for I am sure I think of him more frequent, than I speak of any other man. I see his many virtues, and think him a being of a superior order ; who, I will engage, finds ten thousand errors in,

Poor

FANNY DORMER.

F 5 L E T.

LETTER LVIII.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street.

FOR ever, Charles! are you increas-
 ing my obligations to you.—Judge of
 my feelings; by them you would have ex-
 perienced, had you been in my situati-
 on, at the sight of Lucy's hand-writing :
 what a letter! *—dear generous girl!
 thou art above the weak prudish foibles
 of thy sex, and scorn, though by eva-
 sion only, to conceal a sentiment which
 thy fond heart feels, for him who will
 study to deserve thy love:

* The letter given by Mrs. Dormer to Mr. Grenville.

What

What an excellent method this has been of attaining a farther assurance of her regard ; but I am particularly happy, that Mrs. Dormer *voluntarily* gave you the letter, with permission to send it to me ; for had you obtained me a sight of it by any *clandestine* means, I have that aversion for every species of artifice, that I should have thought the purchase too dear, even for *such* a prize !

This letter shall serve as a companion to the solitary card, which has so long hung solus in my bosom ; and they shall be my nightly comforts, until heaven bestows on me, the woman my heart yearns for.

I sent yesterday to Mr. Cleveland, to request an interview with him at my lodgings:

"I am come," said he, "because it was your request; but I think you can have no business with me, but what concerns my much loved Lucy: she has suffered severely from your deceptions, and I suppose you now wish to make atonement for your follies?"

"I wish for nothing," I replied, "but an assurance from your daughter of her regard, and your permission to take the earliest opportunity of soliciting it: you who are so well acquainted with her worth, must think mine a very natural anxiety to know my doom; could I but gain her *promise* to be *mine*, I would leave it for you to determine, *how long* I should remain un-blessed."

"You have been to blame," said he, "in having deceived me or any of your friends: but you will recollect, that I never believed that you was married to
that

that Nancy Collins:—but your own heart, and the event which was the consequence of your dissimulation, must have been a sufficient punishment for the great absurdity of your conduct, without the addition of my reproaches.

“ And, as I believe the error was in your *judgment*, and not in your *heart*, I will make it my study to promote your future felicity. I am sure, if it depends on Lucy, it is not very remote. She is at present with me, and your company will be a very agreeable addition to our fire side.”

He then kindly promised to introduce me to her, the very first day he thought her spirits would bear the interview.—I thought, Charles, *my* presence would have been the most effectual method of raising them; but determined

terminated to comply with the opinion
of this excellent old man.—You shall
wait until I have seen her, before you
hear from

H. SEYMOUR.

L E T.

LETTER LIX.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street.

MR. Cleveland, and Delmont, called on me yesterday to conduct me to my beloved Lucy.—He said, he had informed her of his intention to bring me to dinner.—When we came in the house, he desired we would go into the dining-parlour. “There is a closet,” said he, “adjoining, which will conceal you both extremely well: you can there hear every thing that passes, and it will be a very effectual and innocent mode of acquainting you of the situation of
Lucy’s

Lucy's heart; you may fasten the door on the inside, and if I assert any thing but *facts*, you may come out and *confute* me."

Excellent old man! I could have hugged him for the contrivance; and as I could not be too often assured of that affection my dear girl feels for me, I suffered Cleveland to remain ignorant of my having seen that letter * which you kindly sent me, or the conversation between you and Lucy, which you had communicated. I therefore thanked him by a *look*, for I could not speak my feelings: I was so overcome with joy, at being in the same house, and the prospect of spending the whole day, with the beloved of my heart.

But I ventured to object to Delmont being with me, though, said I, I have

* Letter LVI.

no concealments from him; I think there is an indelicacy at any person but her father, being present at the interview. Delmont was of the same opinion; he went into the library, and I retired to my hiding-place. Mr. Cleveland then sent for Lucy, and as soon as she came, addressed her, as near as I can remember, in the following words.

“ I promised to invite Mr. Boswell, (the only name, thanks to her father’s and your compliance with my request, that she yet knows me by) to dine with us; but I have met with an acquaintance of Mr. Delmont’s, who, I find, resided very near Arlington-grove, and who has solicited the favour of an interview with *you*. His name is *Seymour*; he is young, rich, amiable, and handsome; in one word, he is the man of all others, I could wish to be my son.”

She

She was going to speak——

“Do not interrupt me, Lucy,” said he, “but listen to me with attention.—You will, perhaps, plead the indelicacy of receiving a proposal of marriage, so soon after the death of Mr. Arlington : but you are too *young*, and you must excuse a fond father, if I add, too *handsome*, to remain without a guardian.—I cannot expect to live many years ; persons at my time of life, are liable to complaints, which carry them off very suddenly ; and my peace of mind in a great measure depends, on seeing you happily settled with a man you can love, before I die.—Only let me introduce Mr. Seymour into your company, and if you can point out *one* objection to him, I will never mention his name to you again.”

I leave

I leave you to judge, what a perturbation I was in, during this speech of Cleveland's; and what difficulty I had to remain concealed, when I heard by her voice, the dear girl was in tears.—

“O, my father!” said she, “for what am I destined? why is my inclination to be ever at variance with yours? why did you flatter me with a prospect of happiness, which you never intended I should possess, or suffer me to hope I might yet enjoy the sweets of life?—but I now find—hope is too spacious—too delusive—and feel the fatal consequences of giving the traitorefs too friendly a reception.

“Ah, Sir! is it possible you can desire me to receive the addresses of Mr. Seymour, or any man, except Mr. Boswell; when I have so candidly avowed, to you—to my sister—to Mr. Grenville,
that

That my affections are already, and unalterably fixed, on that *Boswell*, the most amiable of men !

“ Was not this very man once favoured with your preference ? did you not tell me last week, that you thought that the happiest moment of your life, when he solicited an interview with me, to avow that fond regard, which has been so long reciprocal ! and can you, who have such a heart, wish me to be again sacrificed ? impossible !

“ I have felt very severely, by marrying a man I could not love. Though he was so very worthy, I had not a consolation during the two years I was his wife, but that of having obeyed the dictates of *your* inclination. — It was likewise from a principle of virtue, but it was a piece of heroism I was unequal to.

“ I have

"I have now but one thing farther to observe.—If you are suddenly prejudiced against Mr. Boswell, I will promise never to see him intentionally: but with this proviso, that I may never be introduced into the company of any man, but yourself, and Mr. Grenville."

She was so extremely affected, with this new and unexpected addition to her many trials, that she requested permission to retire.

"No, my dearest Lucy," said her father, "I cannot suffer you to leave me, until I have convinced you, that you have *refused* a man, no ways differing from Mr. Boswell—but in *name*.—

"Indeed," she replied, "that is impossible—my heart tells me, I shall never know *his* equal."

"Yes,"

“Yes,” said her father, “you will in *Seymour* meet with all your wishes.”

Behold that very *Seymour*, said I, bursting from the closet, and catching her in my fond arms, behold the Boswell you have honoured with your preference, unalterably yours—and changed in nothing, but his name and fortune.

Grenville! I cannot possibly convey to you any just idea, of the astonishment and joy, that were painted on her lovely intelligent countenance:—but when she had in some measure recovered her surprise, she reproached her father, though in a very submissive manner, for the deceit he had practised on her: but recovering her spirits, and looking archly at me, “indeed,” said she, “you seem all of you to be such adepts in deception, I know not what I may venture to believe?”

“You

“ You may believe me,” said her father, joining our hands, “ when I declare, I thought this young man too amiable to be kept in a state of suspense. You have both been sufferers, by a series of disappointments ; and I think it time you should obtain the *reward* of your *virtues* and *constancy*. Believe me, my children—for,” said he, turning to me, “ I consider you already as my son ; had either of you suffered your mutual affection to have gained the ascendancy over your better judgment, and been so far overcome by your passions, as to have entered into an illicit attachment, —I do not believe, that Providence would have given you this opportunity of being *legally* united. For I look on this union, which I hope very soon to see accomplished, as a reward for your *forbearance* from *vice*—and your strict *perseverance* in the paths of *virtue*.

“ These

“These are my sentiments, but I shall not prolong my discourse, as long sermons, generally tire, and by wearying the mind, often lose their effect.”

He then left us, and I explained every particular of, and for, my conduct, to my amiable Lucy.—She treated me with that confidence which I will endeavour to prove worthy of; and she confessed, before I left her—“It was the *happiest* day she had ever known.”

The worthy Delmont shares my felicity, and I have the happiness to reflect, that I shall be enabled to return all my obligations to him, by presenting him with Miss Cleveland.—Could I but persuade the two sisters to go to the altar on the *same* day, it might be a means of accelerating my union with my dear girl, who would avoid *retarding* her

her sister's felicity.——I hear Mrs. Dormer is expected in town; tell her not to come; and should Lucy press for her company, tell her to refuse seeing her, until she is *Mrs. Seymour*.—O! that my Lucy was entitled to that name!—Delmont is in the same house with Maria, while I am only received as a visitor.—If I had not smarted for my deceptions, I would feign sick, and have Lucy to nurse me: (for Cleveland would be too humane to send me out of the house) but I believe it is best as it is: nurses are often left alone with one, and I might throw off my sick mask and be imprudent.

Adieu! I cannot spare time to add more, for I must attend my Lucy, it is already noon, and at One o'clock I promised to accompany her to Christie's, to view a very fine collection of pictures previous to the sale. I proposed it,

merely, as an excuse to be with her, for my mind is too much monopolized in contemplating the charms of my lovely animated original, to admit of my bestowing any attention on paintings or still life.

HENRY SEYMOUR.

L. E. T.

LETTER LX.

MRS. ARLINGTON.

TO

MRS. DORMER.

St. James's-street, Wednesday.

I FIND by your last letter, that Grenville makes you acquainted with the contents of all the letters he receives from his friend.—I shall inform Boswell, I mean Seymour, of his treachery; as by this means, you are acquainted with all my transactions; it will be so far of advantage to me, as to save me the trouble of communicating them.

I do not wonder you are angry at my writing so seldom; for you, who shared my afflictions, ought to participate my

G 2

joys:

joys:—but my heart has been so long accustomed to sorrow, and my pen to exhibit distress, that it knows not how to express (the transition being so sudden) the chearful state of its mistress's mind.—To say in one word, *I am happy*, will answer my purpose; as it will be a means of making you so likewise: but it will not complete my wishes; you *must* come next *Tuesday*, and receive ocular demonstration of the surprising change in your Lucy.

Do you not recollect the voice, which I mentioned to you I heard when I was in the summer-house with my brother elect?—the mystery has been explained to me. There is a narrow green lane, which is on one side the field, and nearly close to that summer-house; there the fly Henry concealed himself: but when he saw me put the flute to my mouth, he imagined, (you will perceive the

the vanity of the man) it was to touch that part, which his lips had so often pressed; it was then he exclaimed, "It is too much!"—It was, indeed, Fanny, too much for him to guess at so great a truth. I well remember how much I was alarmed at the sensations I felt, on having any thing belonging to him in my possession; and though I wished I had never seen it, yet I had scarce resolution to part with it.

You who knew my attachment to Boswell, at the very time I married Mr. Arlington, have often expressed your astonishment at my appearing so easy, and latterly, so happy in my situation, and have often declared I never loved Boswell with that ardour which I imagined, or I could not so soon have obliterated my regard. I did not chuse then to undeceive you, (for I wished, if possible, to deceive myself;) but I was

neither possessed of that uncommon virtue or stoicism which you supposed.—I never ceased to love Boswell:—every attention which was lavished on me, was displeasing; and every species of fondness was disgusting: not in themselves, but coming from a man, who, though uncommonly amiable, I could not love.

None but myself know the conflicts I endured; and the only merit which I arrogate to myself as being praise worthy, was making as good a wife to Mr. Arlington—as if I had loved him. He was quite as well satisfied, which is a proof, that provided there is not an aversion, love is not so essentially necessary. Honour, virtue, and a conformity of temper and inclination, are the chief requisites in the conjugal state.—The woman who possesses these, may make her husband happy; but I am still
of

of opinion love is absolutely necessary
to make her so.

Once more to mention the summer-
house: you see I was not to be deceiv-
ed in that voice, whose sounds had so
often penetrated my heart.

I must see you on Tuesday—remem-
ber, I will not be put off longer: but
the surest method I fancy to get you to
town, will be, not to write any more to
you, and to prohibit any intelligence of
me, and mine, transpiring at Henley:
perhaps, curiosity will compel you to
come to

LUCY ARLINGTON.

LETTER LXI.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street, Wednesday.

GRENVILLE! I am the happiest of men! my Lucy, my incomparable Lucy! has not only promised to be mine—but has consented that next Tuesday shall complete my felicity.

“ My bosom’s lord sits lightly on his throne,
 And all this day, an unaccustom’d spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d,
 When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy?”

Her

Her father has been my friend in fixing such an early day ; but it is agreed for her to remain with him a few months longer ; for, as Mr. Arlington has not been dead quite a twelvemonth, we do not think it consistent with the opinion of the world, to declare our marriage, until some time after that period is expired.

I yesterday presented my dear girl with my picture ; and when I called there this morning, I was at first a good deal chagrined, not to see it on her lovely arm—my eyes reproached her, she understood their language, and with a look of infinite tenderness, took it out of her bosom, (where it hung pendant from a black ribbon) observing, at the same moment to her father, that “ if the artist had intended to flatter me he had not succeeded.”

"*Your* flattery," said her father, "is more likely to make him vain than the painter's, and you seem to insinuate, that the picture is not so handsome as the original."—"That," said she, "is certainly my opinion; but when I assure him that beauty is of little estimation with me, I shall not be accessary to his vanity."

It may appear odd my repeating a conversation, in which *my person* was the only subject; but it is gratulating, I confess, to my feelings, for even *that* to be thought well of by the woman of my heart.

Miss Cleveland is likewise to give her hand to Delmont, on this said Tuesday: and now you have received this intelligence, you may with strict truth affirm, that on that day there will be *four* happy beings.

I find

I find Lucy has wrote, to invite her dear Fanny,—who next to my wife elect, is, I think, the loveliest woman I ever beheld. Lucy says, she has “an excellent heart, a more than feminine understanding, and a pair of eyes that wound at sight:” — what say you, Charles, have you felt the truth of her last assertion?—I hope not—for Dormer may be as likely to live as yourself; and you are by much too good a character to be afflicted with the pangs of *hopeless* love.

Adieu! no one can have more of the miser in hearty wishes for a friend, than your

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LETTER LXII.

M R S. D O R M E R

T O

M R S. A R L I N G T O N.

Henley.

YOU must know my inclinations are with you, but Mrs. Newman's little boy has caught the small-pox, and as Mr. Newman has never had it, she dare not venture to attend on the dear child. It is not reasonable to expect that a fond parent, will trust him to the intire care of a servant, and it is inconsistent with my feelings; nay to humanity itself, to leave them from whom I have received such friendly attentions, at such a juncture. A few days will most probably produce some change in the disorder, and our separation

separation for about a week after you commanded my presence, cannot be so distressing now you can have Seymour to comfort you.

I had a visit yesterday from my father in his way from Bath; he asked me, whether you visited lady Selby; he has purchased two very elegant brilliant lockets, one he requested my acceptance of, the other he wished to be conveyed to my "favourite Lucy," "As you both wear handkerchiefs," said he, "they may be useful to fasten them:" (you see men are not destitute of observation) but he objected to the hazard of a *public* conveyance.

I left off rather abruptly, but I was called down to the last person I should have expected to have seen,—Captain
Hallifax!

Hallifax! — he has been some time at Oxford, and called here to see *me*, in his way to town; — but whatever share of vanity I may possess, I do not believe I was the magnet that attracted him; no, Lucy, he certainly wished, and by his conversation expected to see *you* here. — The worthy Grenville proposed my giving him the locket to convey to you, it lay on the table directed for you, and he no sooner made the proposal, than Hallifax put it in his pocket, saying, “he should send it you by Mrs. Hallifax, for he would not subject himself a *second* time to your *incivility*.” — Grenville asked for an explanation of his words, which he did not obtain; but your account of the gentleman’s behaviour to you, made *me* perfectly understand what he alluded to.

I have already been too long absent from the nursery, — and must bid you
adieu,

adieu, when I have assured you, that you was perfectly right, when you guessed that I had seen all Seymour's letters to his friend.—Excellent young man!—how I should envy any person but yourself, the prospect of such an alliance!—But every one allows my Lucy to be entitled to something *super-excellent*.—

Heigh ho!—I wish your Caro Enrico, would summons Grenville to town, —otherwise I must in my own defence quit the country;—no wonder when he is in your opinion so very amiable, and when there are such touchwood materials in the heart of your

FANNY DORMER.

A letter which I have seen, since I wrote this, acquaints me that next Tuesday

day is the day appointed for your marriage.—I do not think even that joyous occasion, can justify my leaving this hospitable family in their present situation, but I charge you not to delay your long wished-for union, with your amiable Seymour, because I shall not be present.—As soon as the child is better you may be assured of my company, and I shall depend upon congratulating you on having accepted the name of Seymour. How came you not to assign the *true* reason for fixing on Tuesday for my going to town?—I thought you particularly pressing for that day—I now *cease* to wonder.—Adieu, my love!

LET:

LETTER LXIII.

MRS. ARLINGTON

T. O.

MRS. DORMER.

St. James's Street.

BE advised—do not inspect the next letter which Grenville receives from the amiable Seymour! For should your curiosity induce you to gratify the impulse so natural to your sex, remember you will repent it.

I solicited your company next Tuesday (which will be to-morrow) and you are acquainted with my motive; whatever you may suppose, be assured, I am not angry at your declining it, when I consider the propriety of your motives,
I can

I can only say I am sorry for the occasion, but notwithstanding the importunities of my Gentleman or my Fanny's intreaties, I will in this one instance be obstinate, and persist in not yielding my willing hand until you can be present at the ceremony.

I assure you, Seymour has thought proper to give himself many airs on the occasion, he says, "you have not assigned the true reason for not coming, that you would not decline being present on such an occasion, to save the whole race of Newmans from the grave;" and throws out such scandalous aspersions, that I will not suffer my pen to particularize; so much for him. But remember I commend your conduct, and one motive for not telling you why I fixed on Tuesday, in preference to seeing you on any other day, was, that you might act right, and not have your judgment

judgment warped, by the determination you would then have made of not delaying my happiness;—but I am not in such a violent hurry, to know he *will* be mine is quite sufficient to insure my felicity. I am interrupted.——

By whom do you think? but the elegant lady Selby, and the pretty insensible Mrs. Hallifax, she is very intimate with Delia, and has been with her ever since she was married, so that I find ~~they~~ were the new married pair, which the Captain said she was going to. How they became acquainted I do not know, nor had I the curiosity to enquire.

In the course of conversation, I mentioned my concern to Mrs. Hallifax, at being deprived of her company when her husband was with us at the grove. —“My husband with you!” she exclaimed,—then turning to lady Selby,
“Why

"Why, my dear, you know he told us he was at *Oxford*." She then heaved a deep sigh—and I saw the starting tear. Poor little woman! I could not help pitying her, how unkind must be his treatment to her, when it so greatly affects one, who seems to possess so small a share of sensibility.

I begin to think I have been most highly and undeservedly favoured by Providence, to have been the child of such a parent! to have been so respectfully and kindly treated by a man I could not love!—and ("though last not least") to be beloved by such as Seymour is, justly entitle me to be called fortunate.

Mrs. Hallifax forgot the Locket, but says, she and Delia shall be in Kensington Gardens, where the *beau monde* assemble round the basin, to-morrow and every

every fine morning, and she will take care to have it in her pocket.—She pressed me to meet them to-morrow, with an unaccountable earnestness, and as all the good company assemble there, and I am fond of walking, I purpose going.

As I know the Colonel to be a man of taste, I have no doubt but I shall be much pleased with his genteel present, and am impatient to have it from Mrs. Hallifax.—You said, “your father called of you in his way from Bath,”—I judged, he was coming to town, and thought it extraordinary he should not be the bearer of his present, but Delia informed me, that he went from you immediately, to make a short stay with a friend at Windsor, which accounts for his not pleasuring me with a visit.

My

My father and sister desire to be kindly remembered by you, they are both, thank God, in perfect health, and my sister's spirits are so elated, that my father teazes her from morning until night, telling her, "her former gravity proceeded from the apprehension of being an old maid;" what elates mine?—"why" says my Fanny, "the near approach of being united to the man of your heart."—You guess right.

Remember me to Grenville, if your poor combustible heart, will suffer you to approach him. I am not in the least alarmed at your feeling a *preference* for him, I know you cannot love your husband, and provided you *conceal* your regard from the man of your choice, as you do not spend your days with that husband, I do not think it material to him, whether you love him or not; our *inclinations* are not in our power, but
our

our *conduct* is; and as I think it is in your nature to like the society of some male creature, I would encourage you to admire Grenville for these reasons; namely, — If he should perceive the partiality you feel for him, he is incapable of taking any ungenerous advantages of such a discovery, and by loving him, it may prevent your heart palpitating, at the sight of some man of very different principles, to the worthy and respected Grenville.

Farewell!

LUCY ARLINGTON.

L E T.

LETTER LXIV.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

TO

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street.

IN my last I expressed myself to be the happiest of mortals!—how transient the felicity of ~~us~~ earthly beings! ever some unlooked-for event to impede us, when in the full career of obtaining all our wishes. Such ~~was~~ the situation of your Seymour, when he last wrote, but you will judge of the present, by perusing the inclosed letter.

O, Grenville! it is impossible, but some malignant power, envying our approaching

proaching bliss has invented this diabolical epistle :—and yet to what purpose ?
 ——no—it must proceed from pure disinterested friendship ;—and yet such a paragon of virtue as we supposed her ?

“ Oh misery !

What damned minutes tells he o'er,

Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects,

Yet strongly loves.

I am distracted, quite on the rack ;
 she cannot be guilty, I will be convinced,
 before I believe, proofs shall be obtained.

O my much beloved friend ! pity and
 advise, the wretched

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LETTER LXV.

TO HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

(Inclosed in the preceding.)

THE knowledge I have of the integrity of your mind, and the many virtues you possess, added to the repugnance I feel at seeing so much goodness imposed upon, induces me to inform you, that if you persist in the connection you have formed with the wanton relict of Mr. Arlington, you will repent living that hour in which you accepted her hand.

The sanctity of her manners, and her plausible conduct towards you, will most likely prevent your giving credit to these admonitions, but remember, she who

has

has deceived *one*, may a second, and elude every appearance of guilt. But you may convince yourself, this letter is not dictated by malevolence, by going to-morrow, or the first morning that the weather is fine enough, to afford her the plausible pretence, that the benefit of air and exercise, is the motive for her going to Kensington Gardens, where you will find this specious fair one with her beloved *Ennamarata*.

LETTER LXVI.

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

to
CHARLES GRENVILLE, Esq.

New Bond-street.

THE perturbation of my heart, has
 so bereft me of all composure of mind,
 and my senses are so bewildered, that it
 is impossible to express myself as usual;
 but as reposing our griefs in a faithful
 bosom, often alleviates them, I will with-
 out farther preface, endeavour to give
 you an exact journal of my proceedings
 since I received the anonymous letter.

It came too late for me to send to
 Delmont that night, but I went early
 next

next morning to Mr. Cleveland's, where I found the lovely Lucy (for so indeed she appeared in spite of every prejudice) and her sister, dressed and preparing for a walk.

"The fineness of the morning," they said, "made them prefer the exercise to going in the carriage." Just at that instant Mrs. Dormer arrived, I could perceive very unexpectedly;—O, said Lucy, how happy am I to see you!—and this will give me an opportunity of sending an excuse to lady Selby and Mrs. Hallifax, with whom I had a sort of an appointment in Kensington Gardens, you have come very opportunely to free me from spending so disagreeable a morning.

Mrs. Dormer urged her to go, and observed she could accompany her;—but Lucy immediately objected, and

said, she had rather defer it until another opportunity.——What could be her reasons? The conversation then became general, and Lucy was remarkably gay;—you know I am a poor dissembler, and I could not for the soul of me, be in spirits, which made their cheerfulness at that time particularly disgusting: I had my hand in my pocket several times with the intent to produce the anonymous letter, (which I inclosed to you for your perusal, or rather the copy of it) to shew to all the parties present;—but prudence suggested to me, that would not be a means of coming at the truth, for the intelligence you perceive was not quite false, respecting the meeting in Kensington Gardens; as I found her going, and though she mentioned that her appointment was with two ladies, it was not likely she should say otherwise in my presence.—Thus, Grenville, was I kept,
in

in this torturing state of suspense, amidst the transports and congratulations of two of the sincerest and most affectionate friends, the sex ever produced.

I was too much agitated to wish to continue there, though Lucy gave me the most pressing invitation to stay dinner. "Her father," she said, "would return out of the city, and when she informed him of my refusing any request of *her's*, she was certain, he would be much surprised."—She spoke this with so much tenderness, yet so emphatically, that I felt most sensibly the poignancy of her remark; and to preserve appearances, I pleaded indisposition from an irregularity of the night before.

I immediately withdrew, as I was afraid my countenance would betray the real state of my disorder.

When I left the room, Lucy attempted to call me back, but her tears prevented her articulating distinctly, and I quitted the house, pretending ignorance of her endeavours to recall me. Alas! what a wretch I at that time felt myself? for in spite of that indignation which her supposed infidelity had given rise to in my mind, her enchanting form, her sweetness of disposition, came every instant present to my imagination, to counteract every resolution I had made, to quit her, should I not be able to obtain proofs of her innocence. ?—but to proceed.—On leaving Cleveland's, I immediately ordered my chariot to Kensington Gardens, and went in at the door next the Palace Gate (which you know leads nearest the basin.)

After walking about half an hour, and meeting a few people, (to whom I suppose

suppose I appeared the melancholy madman) I seated myself in one of the alcoves, where I could view the whole spot which was fixed on for the appointment. In a short time I became absorbed in so profound a reverie, that I did not for some time perceive a very agreeable young gentleman, seated close to me, who must have been there some time; for very politely bowing to me, he said, "he feared I was suddenly indisposed, having continued in a most melancholy posture for a long time."

This roused me from my lethargy and a deep involuntary sigh escaped me, and I could only thank him for his kind attention to a stranger: but recollecting the situation,—seeing him look frequently at his watch, and wear an impatient countenance; it then occurred to me, that this was probably the very person al-

luded to in the letter, as no other gentleman was in sight.

It was near the general dinner hour, and the garden thin of company; I assumed a gaiety to which you may suppose my heart was a stranger, and laughing, observed to him, I suppose my figure had been truly ridiculous, but, said I, I was musing on the giddiness of the fair sex, and reflecting, how wrong it was for a man of business, to shackle himself with an appointment, when probably an auction, the inspecting of millenary, or any new vagary might keep me here all the day; and this, Sir, is my great dilemma.

The stranger looking grave, and very attentively at me, said, "I wish, Sir, my disappointments set as easy as your's seem to do, but was your whole soul engrossed

grossed as mine is, by one of the most charming of her sex! and that woman, after giving you repeated proofs of a reciprocal passion, and but *once* failed in an appointment, you might then form an idea of my present feelings, perhaps you have been here longer than myself; have you observed a lady of the midling stature, with languishing blue eyes, light brown hair, in a word, a woman with a beautiful face and an elegant form; have you observed any person who answers this description? she may have misunderstood me; I think I particularly appointed near the basin,—yet in my anxiety for an interview, it is possible I may have omitted saying, *what* part of the garden,—for she *cannot* be *faithless*.”

You have described *my* Lucy, by heavens!—“Lucy?” he echoed.—Aye

H 6

Lucy;

Lucy, I replied, and *my* Lucy.—“*Your* Lucy!” said he with a scornful air, “no, no, Lucy *Arlington* can only be *my* Lucy.”—“Now are you satisfied?”

No, said I, not until I see you again, to-morrow morning seven o’Clock, at the ring in Hyde Park; at the same time giving him *my* address, but in my confusion I forgot to ask for *his*.—“I shall attend you,” said he, and then left me with an air of triumph.

O, Grenville! can I now have any doubts of this woman’s perfidy? heavens! had I married her?—and become the scorn of all my acquaintance?—I ought to be thankful for my escape:—yet surely I merit commiseration.

“Had it pleas’d heav’n/I
To try me with affliction, had he rain’d
All kind of sores on my bare head,

Sleep’d

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to captivity me and my hopes;
 I should have found in *some* place of my soul
 A drop of patience.—But alas! to make me
 A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
 To point his slow and moving finger at;—
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
 But *there* where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs
 Or else dries up; to be discarded *thence*—
 Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose lip'd cherubin,
 Aye, there look grim as hell.

I wish, Grenville, I could discover
 my kind anonymous friend, who has
 cautioned me from plunging myself
 into irretrievable misery; why should
 such a god-like mortal conceal itself?
 and not receive the effusions of my
 grateful heart for such a deliverance.

To try me with affliction, had he said
 And of love on my bare head
 I have

I have sent a note to Delmont, communicating the too certain proofs I have received of Lucy's infidelity, and requesting him to accompany me to Hyde Park, as a second

to the wretched

SEYMOUR.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street, Friday night:

DELMONT has complied with my request, and promises to accompany me at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. He has not mentioned the subject of my note to any of the family.

Perhaps this may be the last you will receive from your ill-fated friend,—whose life has been chequered with distresses—*some* sun-shine, but *more* clouds. —Grenville! I am convinced, that happiness is not the portion of mortality; our lives are a compound of good and

and evil; a cup, which though sweetened with blessings, is likewise embittered by adversity: but this fluctuating state is wisely calculated to remind us of that futurity, which we otherwise should be too apt to forget.—It is for this we are not permitted to revel in delight, without the intrusion of those unwelcome guests—*anxiety*, and *pain*.—Yet, though I have experienced such a portion of misery—my soul shrinks within me, at the reflection of so near a prospect of *eternity*, “that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.”

Farewell!—should it be my fate to fall! bear my loss, as becomes a *man*. I know I am dear to your heart—remember, that to mourn to excess, is a degree of reproach to the Supreme Being; yet not to mourn at all, must be the effect of insensibility:—you must
have

have received my last letter, and I am sure, sincerely pitied my situation. Indeed, *that* heart which does not *feel* the distress of a *friend*, is not worthy of *existence*.

Not all the proofs I have received of her assignation with this man, will convince Delmont that Lucy is guilty; — he wishes me to see her before we go to Hyde-Park: — but to what purpose. I have challenged the man, and have too just a notion of the laws of honour, to decline my appointment. A few hours must determine the fate,

Of your

HENRY SEYMOUR.

L E T.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM THE SAME

TO THE SAME.

New Bond-Street.
 WE ~~was~~^{were} at the appointed place,
 punctually at seven this morning. We
 perceived a gentleman waiting, who
 immediately came up to us, and en-
 quired "if my name was Seymour?"
 On my replying in the affirmative, he
 gave me a note, the contents of which
 was to inform me, that "an affair of
 the greatest importance, prevented his
 keeping the appointment, but that I
 might depend on hearing farther from
 him."—The note was not signed, and
 on my enquiring *who* sent it?—the per-
 son

son said " he was not at liberty to inform me."—My spirits were so agitated that I never thought of enquiring, *where* he lived;—but it is not material, as I have no reason to doubt, as he has said it, of hearing farther from him; nor can I suppose him such a paltroun, as to take no farther notice of my appointment.

I have learned from Delmont, that after I left Cleveland's, Lucy complained of being indisposed, and as soon as dinner was over, retired to her own room, Mrs. Dormer accompanying her:—while they were at dinner, Cleveland asked Lucy, if she had taken her intended walk to Kensington.—She said, she had not, as the unexpected arrival of Fanny, had induced her to decline going. " Then you *choose* to *avail* yourself of that excuse," said he, " otherwise

wife, Mrs. Dormer must have proved an agreeable addition to your party."

To this she made no reply, nor did she mention my having been there,—this serves to make her more despicable in my opinion; for why should she conceal my having visited her, unless to prejudice me in her father's opinion?—but her advocate, Delmont, thinks her behaviour a proof that the whole is a calumny;—(would I could think so too!) and her motive for not mentioning my having been there, was to prevent her father being displeased at my refusing to stay dinner, when she requested it.

But, my friend, it is too evident to me, that the fear of my accompanying them, was what prevented the excursion to Kensington.—You will say, perhaps,

perhaps, her not intending to go there alone, was a proof of her innocence?—but might not a sister, and a confident, be left in Hyde-Park, or in some different part of the garden, to where she had her appointment?—

No—I have received too many proofs to doubt her perfidy—my friend!—who could have supposed Lucy false?—“Was ever book containing such vile matter so fairly bound?”—Though you have formerly very justly accused me of procrastination, you shall not now blame me for rashness, or too great precipitation, in for ever quitting this beloved, though faithless woman.—I will go to her this very evening,—by taking her by surprise, she will be unprepared for evasion; I will accuse her first in private; and if not then convinced of her innocence, I will—my God!—I

true

am

am so distracted—so irresolute ; but
farewell—when the interview is over
you shall hear farther from

The unfortunate

SEYMOUR.

LET-

SEYMOUR

T 

I WENT, as I intended, last night to Cleveland's, and passing along the Hall, I saw him writing in the little parlour; he looked up on hearing somebody pass, but though he saw it was me, he kept a profound silence, and never offered to quit the room to meet me.

When I went in the drawing-room, I found Delmont and Miss Cleveland seated together on a sofa, looking "*unutterable things*:" — Fanny was pouring

pouring out the tea ; Lucy (who was seated as close to her as possible) was leaning on the table, with her head reclined on her hand.

I opened the door with so much caution, that they did not immediately see me, which gave me the opportunity of observing their situations which I have described, and heard Fanny exclaim, "I wish every tear you shed was a drop of blood from his heart."—The door making a noise as I attempted to shut it, made them all look up; and Lucy, in hastening to meet me, entangled her foot in her gown, and fell.

The sight of her lovely face, moist with her tears ; the joy which she seemed to feel, and which shone in her lovely eyes at my approach ; added to my apprehensions, lest she should have received any hurt from the awkward manner

manner in which she fell,—chased from my mind at that moment, every idea of her infidelity. Raising her from the ground, and seating myself close by her, I detained her lovely hand, and was so intoxicated by her charms, that I believe, I should have gazed until now without attempting to speak, had not she, with the most tender anxiety, enquired after my health.—“ Delmont’s time,” said she, “ is so taken up with his Dulcinea, (pointing to her sister) that I have not been able to learn from him, whether you were perfectly recovered.”

I expressed my surprise at Mr. Cleveland’s absence, observing, that I saw him when I passed the little parlour.—Lucy said, “ she knew he was busy writing letters to India, as a ship was expected to sail every day ; but,” continued she, “ if you will trust yourself

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with me, we will use our influence with him to come up."

As soon as I had her on the outside of the door, I thanked her for the opportunity she had given me, of a tête-à-tête; but we will defer fetching your father, and now I must insist you trust yourself with me in your dressing-room, as I have something to communicate which is essential for you to know.

"No, no," said she, "we had better go to my father, and then return to the drawing-room, for I expect Lady Selby to see Fanny, and if we are missing, she will be full of her rallery all the evening."—Then, said I, let the servants say you are from home; if she comes to see her *sister*, she cannot be offended at *your* absence: you have said on many occasions, my requests were commands.

"And

“And so you shall find them,” said she, leading me into her room; “I had rather forfeit the good opinion of the *whole world*, were I possessed of it, than suffer *you* to think me changed.”

Ah, Lucy, said I, is this true? did you never tell any other man the same story? or speak to any other with the same tender language with which your eyes now converse?—did you not feel yourself disappointed at my ill-timed visit, which prevented you going to Kensington Gardens?

During all these interrogations, I kept my eyes steadfastly fixed on her countenance, which to do her justice, betrayed no more confusion than was natural to so modest a woman, at being so ardently gazed on.

Rising precipitately from my knee on which I had placed her, and bursting into a flood of tears, "Cruel Seymour!" said she, "what part of my conduct justifies your suspicions? Have not you been informed by your friend Grenville, (of whose *veracity* you cannot have a doubt) of my attachment to *you*, at a time when it was even *criminal* to indulge it?—I did *not*, indeed, indulge it, during the time I was *another's* wife. I struggled with my ill-fated passion, and the conflict between love and duty, nearly overpowered my reason, it greatly injured my constitution, and I begin now to think, it would have been happier to have fallen a sacrifice to my feelings, than to have lived the object of your unjust and groundless jealousy."

I attempted to replace her on my knee, but she declined it, with a coun-

renance expressive of anger and vexation, without deigning to speak to me. —O, said I, my beloved girl! cease such cutting, though silent reproaches, until you have seen this letter, (shewing her the *anonymous* one I had received) and then tell me if I am so very blameable, or if I have not cause for those suspicions which torment me?—but, observe, before you read it, that I now firmly believe it the production of some secret enemy; it was madness to *doubt your fidelity*, and I shall never be at ease until I can call you *mine*.

When she had read the letter, “Many,” said she, “after receiving this, would have abandoned me for ever, without condescending to request an explanation; but I now insist on your acquainting me with all the circumstantial proofs you have received of your Lucy’s infidelity.”

I then related the interview with the gentleman in Kensington Gardens, and every particular which I gave you an account of in my last letter :—but when I came to that part of my narrative, where Delmont accompanied me as my Second, the dear girl turned pale, and exclaimed, “ Good God ! was my Seymour in such imminent danger ? ”—no, my love, said I, I was not in any ; for the gentleman, I tell you, instead of keeping the appointment, sent an excuse : “ well but,” says she, “ if you should hear farther from him, will you promise me not to go ? ”

I am sure, said I, I would do any thing to make you happy ; but in this affair my *honour* is concerned.—“ True,” she replied, “ but I think, I could contrive to *preserve* your *honour*, without *hazarding* your *life*.”—How, my sweet tender girl ?—“ Why, by having you remain

remain here, and letting it be reported, you are out of town ; then, should any appointment be made, by not *receiving* the message, you will remain ignorant of it. But describe the person of your unknown rival ; for I think, I may be certain, it was not a *man* ; and from many circumstances have my suspicions—that it was some malicious person in disguise :——suppose Miss Collins ?—may she not envy me my approaching felicity ?

I then told her, the person whom I supposed a gentleman, was rather tall, handsome, but too small features for a masculine countenance ; very remarkable arched eye-brows, that were so narrow they had the appearance of being penciled, and a large dimple in the chin.

"Good heaven! is it possible," said she, "that she can have so bad a heart?"

On my asking her who she alluded to?—"Lady Selby," said she, "the daughter of Colonel Morley, exactly answers this description; but I told you, she is expected here this evening, and her presence will unravel this mystery."

"But I must now explain the nature of my engagement to Kensington;—for it is not sufficient that I *know* my own innocence; I must have *your* suspicions done away, before I will become your *wife*."

I was going to speak—"Do not interrupt me," said she, "but listen to me with attention."

"Colonel Morley had purchased two brilliant lockets, one for Fanny—the other

other intended as a present to me. Captain Hallifax, who happened to call at Henley while your friend and mine were at Mr. Newman's, the former requested him to convey it to me, as he was coming immediately to London. But as my behaviour, or to use a more proper expression, my *repulses*, had so much offended him, he said 'he should not subject himself a second time to my insults, but should send it by Mrs. Hallifax.'

"A few days after she came, accompanied by Lady Selby; who I found, was an intimate acquaintance of her's, and at whose house she had been ever since Delia married.—I impatiently enquired for my locket, (for to confess a truth, I designed it as a present to you) but she said, she had forgot to bring it; but if I would meet her the next morning, or the first fine one, near the

Basin in Kensington Gardens; she would have it in her pocket.

“ I very precipitately promised to meet them; but after they were gone, it decured to me, that it was possible Captain Hallifax might be with them, whom I did not wish to see; you are not ignorant of my reasons, for in that, and every other circumstance, I have never had a concealment from you since I gave you the promise of my hand. I consulted with my father in what manner I should act, and he advised me to go.

“ This opinion of *his* determined me, and you found my sister and I equiped for our walk;—but the unexpected arrival of my dear Fanny, made me alter my resolution of going: for recollecting Mr. Dormer was *jealous of Hallifax*, when the latter was in India, I would
not

not designedly subject her to the probability of an interview.

“ You are now acquainted with the particulars of my intended excursion to Kensington; and though it may not have been ‘ As you like it;’ you will allow there has been ‘ Much ado about nothing.”

A loud rap at the door made her start from her seat, “ There is Lady Selby,” said she, “ I know her servant’s rap—go to my father, and explain matters as clearly in your justification to *him* as you have done to *me*. He is at present a little displeased with you, for having been less frequent in your visits; particularly, for not giving us your company to dinner the day I requested it.

“ I did not intend him to know that you had been invited; but Fanny was

so piqued at your behaviour, that she betrayed you before I could give her a caution. But my father is too considerate, and too fond of you, to remain long angry upon proper explanations: I will go into the drawing room and let it appear to Lady Selby, you are but just come; none of the persons we left in the room, will betray our long tête-a-tête."

I pressed the dear, fond, faithful girl! to my bosom, (for such, Grenville, I may surely pronounce her) and then permitted her to return to the company; while I went to her father with a much greater share of spirits, than when I passed the little parlour.

He received me with a reserve that stabbed my very soul, yet it was no more, than I was conscious I deserved from the *appearances* that were against me,

me. But I very soon obtained a patient, and attentive hearing, and had the inexpressible satisfaction to hear him acknowledge, I had acted with more prudence and moderation, than many young men would, who had believed themselves so highly injured.

“ I have no reason to suppose,” said he, “ from any part of Lucy’s conduct, that she has any concealments from me: I knew, and I find *you* are not a stranger to the many opportunities Hallifax has sought, of sapping the foundation of her virtue. But frequent repulses, and her *just* indignation, made him give over his pursuit; and I will venture to say, she has neither heard from him, or any other man (yourself excepted) since her return to town.

“ But I shall not attempt to justify her conduct, it is an insult to a woman
of

of her principles and unimpeached character; and this false and diabolical stigma which has been cast on her's, is a proof, that 'virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes.'

"I think Lucy's suspicions of Lady Selby, carry *absurdity* on the face of them: for how is it possible, she could even in that disguise escape the notice of her own family?—Though she has not, I believe, *much* delicacy in her composition, she cannot be so *totally* lost to a sense of shame, for to appear in men's apparel at noon-day, in such a public spot, as Kensington Gardens; and to what purpose, my good friend?—Can she be interested in the wish to create a dissention between you and Lucy?

"I do not wonder at her supposing the person to be Miss Collins; (except
the

the improbability of any disguise concealing her from *your* knowledge)—but I would advise you to return to the drawing-room, and seek for the resemblance Lucy has discovered between your unknown rival, and Lady Selby.”

He then introduced me to the Ladies, and Lucy asked me if I had drank tea; (that it might appear to Lady Selby, I suppose, that I was that moment come.) The first glance of her face, confirmed me, it was the same person whom I had the interview with in Kensington Gardens; and the idea of having challenged a woman, was so truly laughable, that I had some difficulty to suppress my risibility.

This confirmation of Lucy's suspicions, though it effectually justified this amiable girl, filled my mind with the greatest astonishment, as I could not fathom

them the motive for Lady Selby's conduct. I think there is not a doubt of the anonymous letter being the production of *her* brain, which you will allow, does more credit to her *head* than her *heart*.

I saw by her confusion, that she recollected me the moment I entered the room; many in my situation would have felt a pleasure in betraying her adventure in the presence of the whole company: and, I confess, when I considered the unhappiness she had occasioned to Lucy and myself, I was half induced to seek revenge: but a kind of veneration I have always felt for her sex—the loveliness of her person—in short, the power which beauty ever had over the heart of your friend, pleaded so strongly in her behalf, that I could not subject her to the confusion, which

men-

mentioning the circumstance in her presence, must have occasioned.

As Cleveland had returned to his writing, I took an opportunity to slip out of the room, and communicate to him the confirmation of Lucy's suspicions, which I received on the first glance of Lady Selby's face.

"I do not wonder," said he, "at her confusion, on meeting with you so very unexpectedly: she, without doubt, imagined the step which she had taken, had put an end to your visits to Lucy.— Though this discovery must banish every suspicion of my girl's infidelity; yet, I am convinced, she will never consent to be *your's*, until this mystery is entirely cleared up, and explained to your satisfaction.

"I would

“I would not treat Lady Selby with the severity she merits, as I respect her father ; and as Sir William is gone to his estate in Devonshire, I would not advise you to go to his wife, but I will go there myself, and extort a full confession of her diabolical proceedings, by threatening her with a public discovery.”

I highly approved, and expressed myself very grateful for his kind intentions, and wanted him to return with me to the drawing-room, but he declined it, saying, “ he should not be able to conceal his indignation from Lady Selby, which he thought it would be *politic* to do, as he meant to take her by *surprise*.”

When I returned, Lucy told me, the fair adventurer had taken the opportunity of my absence, to make her escape. “ She asked us,” said she, “ as soon as
you

you was gone, if we had not observed how much she was disconcerted at *your* first appearance?"—before we could reply, "I am certain," said she, "it was too apparent to escape notice; but he so exactly resembles an amiable young man, for whom I once very foolishly entertained a penchant; that it put my spirits in such an agitation, I was ready to faint."

I fancy, Charles, *some* part of this account, was a very *true* state of her feelings.

Lucy had communicated what she knew of this unaccountable affair, to Delmont, Maria, and Fanny; and as we were then, entirely free from other company, we naturally gave our sentiments on this mysterious conduct of Lady Selby's; but all highly approved of the

the method Mr. Cleveland intended to pursue.

Lucy rang the bell, and ordered the servant to inform her father that Lady Selby was gone, and that we entreated the favour of his company.

The servant said "his master was gone out, that he ordered a coach a few minutes after I had returned to the drawing-room."

We concluded he followed Lady Selby.—Her recent conduct occasioned us to moralize on the malignity of the world, which Delmont thinking would produce too much gravity, requested Lucy's attendance at the harpsichord: "Agreed," said she, "provided Mr. Seymour has his flute with him, (looking very archly at me) and we shall form

form a concert, leaving those that will not play to criticise."

We amused ourselves with the vocal and instrumental, for near three hours; until Lucy expressed herself alarmed at her father's staying so late, and declared she could not play any longer.

We then set down to supper, but I could perceive it was mere form in Lucy, as she did not partake of any thing.—I was equally surprised and unhappy as the rest of them; and had not prudence dictated to me, that it was time for me to retire, I should certainly have waited Cleveland's return.—I promised to breakfast with them early in the morning, and then quitted my soul's treasure!

I wish, Charles, you would persuade Mr. Newman to part with you—your
presence

presence would at this time, be as great a convenience as a pleasure ; for I cannot suffer you to remain ignorant of any thing which concerns me ; and writing such long narratives, ingrosses nearly my whole time which is not spent with Lucy.

Farewell ! I hope I may again venture to add, the *fortunate*

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

T O

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

Newman Place, Henley.

THOUGH the declaration may have the appearance of vanity,—I will affirm, that *my* heart *is* worthy of existence, for it has very sincerely participated in your anxieties.

Lady Selby's is a most extraordinary character!—and her conduct respecting Lucy and yourself, proves her a very *vile* one. I cannot but believe that Hallifax was her employer, but the manner of executing the scheme, you are most

most likely indebted to her for :—let a
woman alone for invention !

I always thought it nearly impossible, for Lucy to be guilty even of an impropriety, much less of an infidelity.—You have left me as yet, ignorant of the result of Mr. Cleveland's visit to lady Selby, but from what you have related, I will venture to say,—you will secure to yourself every felicity this world has to bestow, by an union with Lucy : who, independent of my partiality, is certainly as amiable as any thing mortal can be.—Is she not in every respect formed to please ? affability and good nature, are her constant attendants : her face must attract, but it is her exalted soul, beaming through every feature, that gives animation to her charms.—Seymour ! she will make you an excellent wife ; I have always thought, home is the theatre for female action ;—

It

It is there alone we can be assured of a woman's merit.—You must, I again repeat, be happy, for where *love* is founded on *esteem*, the *bond* will ever be *permanent*.

From every part of Lucy's conduct, but particularly whilst Arlington lived, one would imagine my favourite Thompson had been of the number of her acquaintance, so exactly does he describe her, in those beautiful lines,

“ To give society its highest taste ;
Well ordered home, Man's best delight to make ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.

I would come to you immediately, but my old friend Newman will not agree to it, until you name the day that is to make Lucy *yours*. He says he will

VOL. II. K then

then readily consent to part from me, as he cannot deny you my company on *such* an occasion.—Inform me therefore when the day is fixed.

Farewell, my happy friend! may you never know an abatement of the joys, which your present prospects must afford you!

CHARLES GRENVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

New Bond-street.

YOU may now congratulate your happy Seymour on the prospects that await him! the amiable! the virtuous Lucy! is as good as she is lovely, upon the late mysterious affair being cleared up, and explained in a manner to convince me of her innocence, she has acquired a vivacity, which makes her, if possible, still more charming;—but to proceed to my narrative:—It is fit I should release you from suspense, (that most irksome of all situations).

I went, as I promised, very early the next morning to Cleveland's, and found him and his amiable guest waiting breakfast. He arose, upon my name being announced by the servant, and taking my hand with a most courteous smile, led me to his seat, which was next to Lucy's.—“Now,” says he, “the circle is complete, but Seymour's countenance informs me, I shall not satisfy his impatience, until I acquaint him of the particulars of my last night's ramble; I suppose you guessed I was at lady Selby's, I followed her as soon as she left my house, in hopes of getting there, before she might give orders to be denied, and I succeeded, I found her in the drawing room, but judge of my surprise, when I perceived Nancy Collins seated by her, whom she called Mrs. *Hallifax*.—I was resolved, notwithstanding she was present, to interrogate lady Selby, who, I fancy, guessed my errand, her confusion

fusion was so visible."—"You came very opportunely," said she sneeringly, "for if you had stayed a few moments later, I should have been *denied*, for I feel myself very un-well."—But I disregarded this hint, and told her ladyship the whole design of my visit.

She for some time evaded, hesitated, and denied her knowledge of the affair; until I produced the anonymous letter, and asked her, whether she would upon *oath* declare, it was not her composition?

Tears of rage (not contrition I am sure) started from her eyes, "Yes," said she, "I did write it, and it was I, that went in disguise to Kensington Gardens, and what of all this? I fancy I am a better character still than your youngest daughter, what I did, was to serve Mrs. Hallifax, whose husband, your *amiable*

Lucy! has estranged from her affection: I suppose, Mr. Seymour, (continued she, affecting to laugh) will not *now* think of challenging me, and now I have given you so much satisfaction to your impertinent questions, I wish you a safe return to your family, and I do assure you, if it was not for your being an *old* man I should give the porter orders to shew you the outside of the door. I shall leave you, but if you are very anxious for more information, Mrs. Hallifax can satisfy your curiosity."

When she was gone, I addressed Mrs. Hallifax. "You are, I find, Madam, no stranger to this diabolical business, neither am I a stranger to you, I think your name *was* Collins."—"I am," she replied, "the same woman, but now married to Captain Hallifax."—"Pray," said I, "what information am I to expect

pect from you?—you find yourself the person lady Selby referred me to.”

She turned pale, and seemed ready to faint;—“come, Madam,” said I, “confess what you know of these infamous falsehoods, for I am determined otherwise, to expose all the suspected parties, to clear my daughter’s honour. You know I am well acquainted with your *former* connections, and can readily believe, *you* have been accessory to this piece of business.”

The resolute manner with which I spoke, extorted what I aimed at;—she threw herself upon her knees, and declared herself the authoress and contriver, of the whole affair, and that lady Selby so highly approved the scheme, that she voluntarily offered her assistance to personate a gentleman, to be a corroborating proof of Lucy’s infidelity;

“for,” said she, “I could not assume any disguise that would conceal me from the knowledge of Mr. Seymour.—It was a deep laid scheme, and had it not been for lady Selby’s obstinacy, in visiting at your house, it might never have been discovered; but be assured I sincerely repent, and believe me, the reproaches of my own conscience, after the scheme was put into execution, at the reflection of having rendered a whole family miserable, was a sufficient punishment for my guilt.” — I am really married to Captain Hallifax, but have hitherto concealed from him the true situation of myself and family. He used me very kindly for some time after my marriage, but he no sooner beheld Mrs. Arlington, than all his kindness for me vanished, he has in my presence avowed his regard for your daughter, ever drawn comparisons between us, which you may suppose were to my disadvantage;
 my

my person, which was formerly the object of admiration, no longer pleases, and the kindest epithet I gain, when he is in his *best* humours, is, his piece of still life."

This conduct of her husband's, instigated her to be revenged, but, as I observed to her, *he* should have been the object of it, and not my innocent *Lucy*, or *Seymour*, to whom she had formerly many obligations.

She so earnestly implored my forgiveness, and my word of honour not to mention the affair to her husband, that as she appeared so penitent, and had acted so candidly, I assured her she might make herself easy, respecting any thing I should say to her disadvantage, and that I would likewise venture to assure her of the secrecy of my family, but before I left her, I gave her a sharp

lecture, and desired her to remember, that every species of revenge, "though sweet at first, bitter e'er long, back on itself recoils."

"And now," said the good old man, "I hope this intricate affair is unravelled to all your satisfactions; I most earnestly pray, you will not meet with any farther impediments to your happiness, and may every blessing a fond parent can bestow, descend upon my Lucy and her worthy Seymour!"

After giving this tender, generous, man! every acknowledgement a grateful heart could suggest, I told Lucy that it only now remained for her to consent to my assuming a privilege, which I confessed I did not merit, but that I could never know a *happy hour* until I could call her *mine*.

"Well

“Well, Lucy,” said her father, “you may guess the poor culprit’s wishes, by his preface, do my good girl allow him to name the happy day.”

The lovely girl, with a most enchanting smile, and her face covered with a sweet effusion, said, “If Seymour’s happiness depends on me, it is already in his possession, I have loved him too well to wish to *delay* his felicity.”

Then next Tuesday, said I, looking at Mr. Cleveland, will you honour me with the appellation of son?—“most gladly,” said he, “for none but my Lucy could be worthy of you.”

Grenville! this Lucy is an angel!—she is above disguise, and avows her regard for me, in the presence of her whole family.—How delicate in all her actions, words, and looks!—yet scorns to be

fettered with restraint, when she wishes to confer a favour on the man who is soon to be her husband, even a few days appear an age until she will be my *wife*, “charming sound ! that seems like music to my ravished senses !”——come then, my esteemed friend ! and by your presence, add to the innumerable blessings, that now surround

Your happy

SEYMOUR.

L E T.

LETTER LXXII.

MRS. DORMER

T O

MRS. NEWMAN.

St. James's Street.

My dear friend,

I HOPE this will arrive before Mr. Grenville leaves you, as I am in great want of his friendly assistance, to enquire after his acquaintance Sedgwick. I want to know for certain, whether he is at Oxford or not?—for Colonel Morley called here very late last night, just returned from Windsor, in consequence of a report he had heard in a public company, and which many circumstances corroborated with, of lady Selby being eloped with Sedgwick.

My

My father went to her house, and the servants said, their lady went out of town last week, to see a sick relation at Dartford in Kent, but the carriage and horses were returned; the postillion said, they were met by an empty chaise and one servant, a few miles on this side Dartford, into which lady Selby got, and ordered them home.

Sir William, they said, was still in Devonshire, and there were several letters come from him, which now lay on her table, as she gave no orders for them to be forwarded to her.

I think there is little doubt of the *fact*, and I only fear this woman's imprudent, not to say criminal conduct, will most sensibly afflict her father and her husband, who have always viewed her faults with the most affectionate partiality. The former has intreated
me,

me, to use every means to come at the truth, and as I am well assured Mr. Grenville will readily oblige any friend of your's, request him to go himself to Oxford, and procure every possible intelligence respecting Mr. Sedgwick.

Write as soon as you have any thing to communicate, relative to this unfortunate affair, to your very sincere, though perplexed friend,

FANNY DORMER.

Lucy has wrote to you, I find, by the same conveyance, I desired she would, as I knew it would give you pleasure, to hear of her approaching felicity; though there is no doubt but Mr. Grenville has already informed you:—my respects to him and Mr. Newman.

L E T.

LETTER LXXIII.

M R S. N E W M A N

T O

M R S. D O R M E R.

Newman-place, Henley.

WHEN I received your letter, Grenville's chaise was waiting to convey him to town, but on my shewing him the letter, he desired me to tell you, he would go directly to Oxford and obtain every satisfaction for you in his power. "Return my kind wishes for her *formal* respects, and tell her, whatever trouble I may have in gaining the information she requests, will be amply compensated by the pleasure of rendering Mrs. *Dormer* a service."—O, said I, you may depend on my delivering your message with

with strict punctuality, so extraordinary a circumstance, as *your* gallantry, should not by any means be concealed from the lady's inspection.

"See," said he to Newman, "the reproaches I am doomed to!—and all because I will sometimes speak my sentiments, instead of telling my *friend's wife* that she is *faultless*, or call her, what some of my sex would swear her to be, a *divinity*!"

I know as well as you do,—this Grenville has a very good head, and a still better heart, but I do not think it right I should ever forgive his provoking insinuation, especially as he stepped into the chaise, the moment he made this pretty speech, without ever soliciting my forgiveness.

I find

I find he does not intend to stop here in his way to town, being impatient to see his friend Seymour, who expects him this very night.

Mrs. Arlington, in her letter, requests me to be present at her nuptials,—tell her I have not time to reply to her letter, and that I am extremely concerned, to be deprived of the pleasure I should feel, at being present on so joyful an occasion ;—but my dear little boy has got the measles, and she must know how incompatible it would be with my feelings, (that is, if you have done *justice* to my maternal character) to leave the child in such a situation, but the very moment I can quit him with satisfaction to myself, I shall certainly pay my respects to her.

Newman is worrying me to take a walk with him, and the brat will not
take

take his medicine, without mamma.—
I must needs have a husband, Fanny !
and these are the consequences !—*hus-*
band did I say ? what a gothic word !
where could I learn it ? in the nursery
I suppose,——

Adieu ! my fanchon !

HARRIET NEWMAN.

LET.

LETTER LXXIV.

CHARLES GRENVILLE, Esq.

TO

MRS. NEWMAN.

New Bond-street.

I ARRIVED here very early yesterday morning, having travelled all night, and got here before Seymour had open'd the fringed curtains of his eyes ;"—but before I mention any thing more of him, let me assure you that I write this letter to you, in preference to Newman, in hopes it may make my peace with you, and smoothe your forehead of those frowns, which my uncivil speech on my departure from Newman Place, had occasioned.—

casioned.—Not that I deserve forgiveness, because I do not sincerely repent, I am not myself sensible of my fault,—and you can expect little amendment, until I feel conviction; excuse me, my good friend, but I know I am too honest a fellow to be a favourite with your sex;—a flatterer is a most agreeable charming fellow, but I am too apt to speak

“ Such truths as *women* seldom learn from *men*,
Too *roughly* spoke to *please* a *Lady's* ear.

and now I have explained the nature of what you may call my fault, I will proceed to my narrative.

After having roused Seymour by my early visit, we dandled over our breakfast for near two hours, for you may suppose we had much to talk over; we called of Lucy, and went together to
Strat-

Stratford Place, to see a ready furnished house which they had thoughts of hiring for the winter, "You know," said Seymour, "we are both too fond of the country, not to enjoy it in the summer months, and it is my intention to build me a town-house to my own taste, of which no person can have a doubt of my possessing, when they *contemplate* on my *destined* bride."

Happy Seymour! I exclaimed, and an involuntary sigh would escape me.

After returning from the house, (which they have agreed for, and which is fitted up in a very elegant taste) we went to her father's to dinner, and it was proposed we should send to take a box, as Garrick (that living comment upon Shakespeare!) was to play Richard. — All consented, except Mrs. Dormer, who

who expected Colonel Morley to call on her in the evening.

I considered there would be an impropriety in my leaving her, when I was the person that was expected to communicate some intelligence respecting my hopeful acquaintance Sedgwick.

The Colonel came, as we expected, and I informed him that I had been to Oxford, and had made every possible enquiry after Sedgwick, that the only account I could obtain, served to confirm our fears respecting the truth of the report, as he had been missing from thence, about the same time lady Selby had left London, and had not been heard of by any of his acquaintance since.

I think I have wrote you a long epistle, and should you find Newman betray
any

any jealousy on the occasion, write me
such a letter in return, as will serve the
"green eyed monster" to feed on.

Encore

Farewell, my little lively friend!

CHARLES GRENVILLE.

L E T.

LETTER LXXV.

M R S. D O R M E R

T O

M R S. N E W M A N.

St. James's-street.

THE too amiable Grenville, I find, has acquainted you with the result of his friendly visit to Oxford, and I have no doubt, but we all accord in the opinion, that every circumstance corroborates, Sedgwick and Delia being eloped together.

Sir William, unfortunate man! was so very unhappy at not hearing from lady Selby, that he travelled post to
 Vol. II. L London,

London, and finding my father was in town, went to his lodgings. Such an interview ! must have been inexpressibly distressing : the still doating, though injured husband, declared himself willing to receive her with open arms, but I find Colonel Morley, disapproved of such a conduct, though in favour of his own child. "We will never suffer her to want," said he, "but to replace her in her late enviable sphere of life, will be an encouragement to vice, by depriving her indeed of the means of support, you may render her still more infamous, but suffer her to be deprived of superfluities, and descend from elegancies to necessities, and she will then have those crimes in her remembrance, that occasioned the transition from her former situation."

Ah, my friend ! I once loved this Sedgwick, my passion was at one time more prevalent than my reason,—and
I should

I should probably have fell a victim to his intreaties, had I not dreaded the forfeiture of Lucy's friendship.

Reflection has convinced me, that had I been wretched enough to have been longer blinded by my criminal affection, I should have been severely punished, by the loathing which would have succeeded those sensations, to which I had sacrificed my honour.—You know my favourite Rousseau says, “There can be no pleasure in any enjoyment which the heart cannot approve, and which tends to sink in our estimation the object of our love. Abstract the idea of perfection, and our enthusiasm vanishes : take away our esteem, and love is at an end.”

Indeed, I fear the too culpable Delia, has lost her honour, without finding felicity. For though I once saw Sedgwick

through a false medium, I know not a man more likely to despise her, for the confidence she has placed in him.—Ah, Harriet! what a different character is *his*, to your friend *Grenville's*?

Seymour, who is at my elbow, insists I do not write another line to you, until I can inform you of his union with my Lucy;—I will comply with the worthy creature's commands, as so short a time will elapse, before you will again hear,

From your affectionate

FANNY DORMER.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

MRS. DORMER

TO
MRS. NEWMAN.

Brentwood.

THE amiable lovers are united, they were married this morning by a special licence at her father's house, and the late Miss Cleveland, has entitled herself to the name of Delmont, which I will venture to say, she has long wished for.

It was agreeable to all parties that we should set off for Delmont Hall, as soon as the ceremonies were over, and you will perceive by the place I have dated

L 3

this

this from, that we are so far on our way.

You will naturally think it extraordinary that I should find time to write on *such* a day, and even before we are arrived at our journey's end, but the two pair of lovers are best company for each other, and Mr. Cleveland has taken this opportunity, to call on a gentleman in this neighbourhood, en passant. —

“Where is Grenville, you will say?”

—In a corner of the room viewing a print of a horse race, to *appear* once my friend, for I believe his mind very differently employed—poor man! how I felt for him at the moment, when the clergyman pronounced Seymour and Lucy, man and wife:—I wish; but I am married, and *you* are faucy——therefore I will not tell you what I wish.

A pen

A pen and ink (the sheet of paper I must pay for) stood so invitingly ready, —that as I had no person's hand to squeeze, nor any body to gaze on with rapture, (you may believe me Harriet) I thought I could not adopt a better mode of employ, than satisfying a friendly curiosity.

We should not have stopped here, but that the gentlemen conceited their brides would be famished if they did not take some refreshment before they got to Delmont's.

Lucy, whom I never before saw partake of any sort of cakes, has just accepted a piece, but observe, *Seymour requested* it, and I believe if the truth was known, she would prefer gazing on him, to partaking of the greatest dainties his inclinations could procure her,

no wonder,—for he is indeed “made up of love and charms, whatever maid could wish, or man admire.”

The carriages wait—adieu for the present.

Delmont-hall, Tuesday midnight.

WE have spent the day in a most agreeable manner; friendship, politeness, and elegance, conspired to render the whole absolutely enchanting, but as I never possessed the happy art of description,—expect not impossibilities.

You have heard much of the beauties of this spot, but it is as impossible for you to form, as for me to give you a just idea of the immensity of taste, which

was

was displayed throughout the whole entertainment of the day.

With what a greedy impatience did Seymour explore the beautiful symmetry of his wife's person! indeed, she appeared more than usually lovely on this day:—her hair without powder, and her whole dress so very becoming, that you would be at a loss to know, whether her dress gave additional charms to her beauty, or her loveliness gave additional beauties to her dress.

Seymour appeared the gentleman, which is in my opinion, saying more in his favour, than telling you what every body who has seen him *must know*—that he is handsome.

He looked, as you may suppose, arrogantly happy—and, just before Mr. Cleveland retired to his apartment,
the

the enraptured Seymour caught Lucy
in his arms, and exclaimed—

“ O my heart's joy!—my soul hath her
Content so absolute, that not another
Comfort like to this, succeeds in unknown fate.”

Good night, my amiable friend, I
could almost be cruel enough to say, I
am tired of seeing others happy;—I
must invoke the drowsy god

To visit your

FANNY DORMER.

LET

LETTER LXXVII.

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

T^O
THOMAS NEWMAN, ESQ.

Stratford-place.

AS I hear your little boy is perfectly recovered, I shall not admit of an excuse for your remaining a week longer in the country: I am sure, your amiable Harriet has been secluded long enough from the gaieties of the town. You, and yours, are most anxiously wished for, by Seymour and his lovely Lucy: there are apartments fitted up for all their friends; I do not mean

nominal

nominal ones—but the *approved* friends of their *heart*.—Being *mine* you are *theirs*—but let me request you to have a town residence in their neighbourhood, and I will promise to make it my home during the winter. My friendship for you, prior to my knowledge of him, will be a reasonable, and indeed, the only reason I can assign, for not accepting his offer of a continued accommodation in his house.

It is generous in him to make the offer—I know he means it as a proof of that confidence, which I believe I shall never abuse: but, Newman, I have no *apathy* to boast of, therefore I would avoid temptation.

I was unfortunate enough to be rejected by the only woman I ever loved; but when she confessed with so much candour

I have

candour and liberality, that her heart was not in her possession, and afterwards acknowledged, the friend I most esteemed, was the object of her affection.

I determined to suppress all selfish views, and devote my whole attention to the means of establishing their happiness.

Mr. Arlington died, and Providence has secured to them the felicity of an union, as a reward to their constancy and many virtues.

I know not so amiable a pair! but Lucy is still *too* charming: the shaft of envy will rankle in my bosom, and my reason suggests that it will be more prudent to reside with you, and visit Mrs. Seymour, the wife of my friend, than be the constant companion of her, whom
I have

I have been so long accustomed to call my Lucy.

Delmont has taken a house in Grafton-street, but I fancy he will spend the chief of his time in Essex, as both him and Mrs. Delmont, are very partial to their villa.

Arlington Grove is to be disposed of, at Mrs. Seymour's request, and they intend to ramble about next summer; but I have some notion, they will look out for a future country residence in your neighbourhood, as Lucy often speaks of the situation of your house with infinite pleasure.

Make my kindest wishes acceptable to your lively Harriet; tell her, the late sentimental ladies possess as great a portion of vivacity, as herself; and that
the

the *allegro* has prevailed ever since the happy unions.

Farewell ! my valued friend,

Remember the request

Of your

CHARLES GRENVILLE.

LET

LETTER LXXVIII.

THOMAS NEWMAN, ESQ.

CHARLES GRENVILLE, ESQ.

Newman Place, Henley.

BY letters just arrived from India, I have received the information of Mr. Dormer's death. The melancholy particulars I will relate when we meet; but I find he was poisoned by one of the black women whom he had a connection with. She suspected him unfaithful to her, and in the fit of jealousy, took that diabolical method of revenge.

I consign you the task, of making his amiable wife acquainted, with what the

world

world will call her *misfortune*, but what we style her *release*.

Dormer has died insolvent, and she, poor woman, must be totally dependent on Colonel Morley, or Mrs. Seymour. I think she ought to prefer the assistance of the former, as Lady Selby is estranged (and but too justly) from his heart, and she has a very ample allowance from her husband: indeed, I think it very probable, that Colonel Morley will provide handsomely for Fanny, considering her the daughter of a wife he so tenderly loved.

But, I confess, Charles, I could wish, you would raise this lovely woman from a state of dependence, to that of affluence. I am sure, she has an excellent heart, a refined understanding, and a beautiful face: I have heard you say, that she has confessed to you all her
little

little errors of youth, and that the experience she had purchased would make her an excellent wife to a man she *loved*.

We shall be in town about the middle of next week: Harriet's brother is at Bath, and we shall occupy his house until we can meet with one to our taste.

I perfectly *understand* you—and I shall insist on your being with us in Piccadilly.

Reflect on that paragraph in my letter respecting Mrs. Dormer; and remember the satisfaction your heart will feel, at rendering so worthy a woman happy. Observe what I tell you, if *love* is the only requisite to make her a *good* wife, *you* will be very happy with her.

You

You know I am entirely disinterested,
I speak as the friend of both, yet would
not for *her* sake be indelicately explicit.

My dear Harriet desires to be kindly
remembered to you, and fixes Thursday
for being in town. We shall go from
here immediately to Seymour's, but
shall sleep at her brother's, and I shall
depend on your accompanying us thi-
ther.

Farewell ! rest assured, that

I am your affectionate

And sincere friend,

THOMAS NEWMAN.

F I N I S.

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